

# Blackmail!! Forbidden & Fun

Jimmy always knew his love for his mother ran deep, but he just didn't know how deep, or how passionate his love might be until that night at the strip club. He makes his way gingerly to the bathroom in the back of the club, wondering if this was all some sort of forbidden dream. When he gets into the bathroom and locks himself in an empty stall he will understand soon enough this was no dream. He undoes his jeans, and sure enough, there it is; a large wad of sticky cum is staining his new boxers.

He does his best to clean the cum up with toilet paper as his mind races with a million thoughts of which the primary is a solitary question: did she know he came in his pants, and if so, what would be her reaction? He imagined the worst—complete and total disgust.

The long odyssey to that fateful night in the strip club began several years earlier. When it all started, Jimmy had no idea his lovely mother, Kellia, worked at a strip club. He thought she worked at Hooters, and, therefore, was not terribly surprised when on her 34th birthday she remarked to her 15-year-old son she was going to have a small operation. When he asked what kind of operation Kellia responded casually, "Oh I'm just going to have my boobs made a bit bigger so I can better compete with some of these younger, hotter chicks I work with."

Upon hearing this Jimmy responded with sincere flattery for his mother. "Mom you are still young and hot, so it's those stupid bimbo's should be worried about competing against you."

It was remarks like this that so endured Kellia to her young son. She knew him well enough to understand he was not given to handing out false praise.

Yet she was not being completely honest with him. Although she was getting a second boob job it wasn't because she needed to compete with any of the girls at Hooters. Instead, she had recently taken a part time job dancing at a local strip joint downtown and it was there she was worried about competing for customers.

Kellia simply did not feel the need to tell him about her new profession as she knew it would just cause him to worry. Jimmy's father, Frank, had died this past spring unexpectedly. He had been a terrible father to Jimmy, and an even worse husband to her. He had carried just a small amount of life insurance for his family so with his unexpected death Kellia found herself in a tight financial bind.

He had worked as a salesman for a tool company and always seemed to be "out of town" working on some major deal. As Jimmy got older he suspected what his mother already knew to be the truth-his father was cheating on her.

As a result of Frank unfaithfulness, Kellia found herself having trust issues with men. After his death, she tried dating, but always seemed to attract only losers. Besides she found out a bitter truth. It seemed that the true gentlemen of the world, the ones with the kind hearts, tended to shy away from strippers when it came to serious dating.

She found out most men considered strippers to be "damaged goods". In the end, she simply made a decision to give up on the whole dating scene. Maybe when she got older and had retired from stripping she would give it another try, but for now she would just concentrate on putting food on the table for her and Jimmy.

This was a real loss to the men of San Francisco as Kellia was one sexy, mature woman. She was of Chinese descent and had married the handsome American businessman when they met in a Taiwan strip club. At the tender age of 19 Kellia was both young and naïve when they meet.

Like most strippers she followed the money and fell for the aggressive American when he started shoving 100 dollars bills down the front of her bra as she danced for him. The money from the handsome American got her attention while his witty charm and warm demeanor seduced her into thinking she had found true love.

Kellia, after her first boob job back in China when she was only 18, possessed a pair of nice sized 38 D tits which fit well on her 5' 7" 121-pound frame. Her tits looked so much bigger framed against her slim 22-inch waist. Besides the nice tits, she had the dark mysterious beauty that Asian women seemed to possess in spades, accented by long jet black hair that was simply gorgeous and fell all the way to her sumptuous ass.

After a whirlwind romance, she and Frank were married. He brought her back to San Francisco where they had only the one child as Frank did not want anymore. This was fine for Kellia, even if it

wasn't, as she had quickly learned that what she wanted in life mattered little to her new husband.

Jimmy looked like his father, only instead of being strikingly handsome he was devastatingly cute. Innocent, puppy dog cute that is, with long dark hair framing an artist's kind and sensitive face.

Kellie, looking at her son from a mother's jaded viewpoint, thought her son was just about the cutest thing she had ever laid eyes upon, especially when he turned those eyes on her. Yes, those devastating eyes were his secret weapon. At times his eyes were full of gleeful mirth, other times, like when he wanted something, they full of such love and longing for her that she could never, ever resist them.

She thanked her lucky stars that Jimmy did not have Frank's personality, but only his looks. It was already much too late when she discovered Frank had a cruel temper that he used liberally on the both of them.

Neither of them shed many tears at his funeral. Their friends thought they were just being stoic, but the truth was they found very little to cry about knowing they could now live their life without Frank's constant verbal and physical abuse dogging them.

The shared abuse only caused Kellia and Jimmy to grow close over the years as they found warm comfort in one another arms. Fear of a common enemy brought them together, while the simple love and

affection they felt for each other wrapped a tight unbreakable bond around their hearts.

Kellia knew her son well. He was an incurable romantic, much like her, maybe more in fact. He never failed to forget her birthday, unlike her husband had on many an occasion. But what impressed her the most was his knack for surprising her with a small gift or trinket on what could be any day of the week for no special reason other than because he loved her.

But it was especially Valentine's Day that they both held sacred. Frank, who was about as sensitive and romantic as a rock, considered Valentine's Day to be a total waste of time. He refused to have anything to do with it, believing it to be nothing more than a holiday created to make the card and candy companies rich. He was just cynical like that.

Jimmy knew this about his father and therefore tried his best to fill the void. So, without fail, from a young age he always asked his mother to be his Valentine.

Kellia always accepted his invitation to be his special Valentine girl, and later on, as he got older and started working, they would always go out on a special little date. February 14th also happened to be Jimmy's birthday, so this little added bonus made the day so intoxicating as she would go out of her way to make the day special.

A few months prior to Jimmy turning 18, Kellia quit her job at Hooters to concentrate on dancing full time. It had not been easy, but somehow she had managed for all these years to keep it a secret that she worked at a strip club.

At the ripe old age of 37 now, Kellia was feeling a bit of pressure to make herself get noticed up on stage among the majority of younger and prettier dancers. As a result of this added pressure she did a couple things.

First, she put herself on a strict diet and workout regime. Second, and maybe even more important, she came to the conclusion she should go ahead and have a third boob job to make her tits even bigger.

Her reasoning was simple: she was getting older and figured she needed a nicer, i.e. bigger set of tits, to draw attention away from her face which was not looking quite as attractive as when she was younger. So it was with this reasoning firmly in mind that she went ahead and had her breasts increased to an awe-inspiring 38 E which on her still slim 24-inch waist made them look simply huge.

Kellia was still in great shape, no doubt thanks to her emphasis on diet and exercise, even as she approached her 38th birthday. She had nicely toned legs, long and lean, to go along with a well-shaped ass. She could still make her face look fairly attractive if she took her time to carefully apply her make up just right, but it was her newly upgraded tits, more than anything, that was her pride and joy.

This was in no small thanks to Jimmy, who as he got older, found himself helplessly shooting sly subtle glances at her chest. When she caught him doing this, instead of being mad, her heart swelled with pride. Maybe because Frank as the years went by and their love continued to fade would crack wise about her "big, fake, ugly ass boobs."

Knowing that Jimmy would not risk being caught staring at her tits, unless they really were worth staring at in the first place, gave Kellia the needed confidence to keep dancing, and maybe even was unconsciously the reason she had them enhanced again.

She told herself that she was doing it for business reasons, in other words to make better tips at the club, but in her heart of hearts, she knew the way her son secretly admired her was a compelling reason to make them larger. She had always welcomed her son's attentions and wanted to impress him enough to keep his attention focused squarely on her.

Keeping his attention on her was becoming more difficult as he started dating girls on a semi-regular basis shortly after his 17th birthday. But thankfully, it never seemed to turn out very serious, but still there was always a first time. Kellia had a real motherly concern that her sweetheart of a son would lose his innocent romantic heart to some bimbo who would break it into a million tiny pieces without thinking twice.

Now, as yet another Valentine's Day approached Kellia was a bit sad. She just assumed that Jimmy would have a date for the night with

some pretty, young high school honey, especially since it would be his 18th birthday, and she would be stuck home all alone after she finished her shift at the club.

Then everything changed thanks to one of those weird quirks of fate that life throws at its hapless participants every once in a while.

It was on the morning of Valentine's Day as Jimmy and his mom shared breakfast that the hand of fate began to show itself.

"So are we going out tonight or what Mom?" Jimmy asked trying not to sound overly eager.

This caught Kellia off-guard as it appeared her assumption about him having a date is way off base.

While more than pleasantly surprised about his invite, sadly she has to turn him down. Thanks to her assumption Jimmy would have a date for the evening, she did not protest when her manager scheduled her on the four to midnight shift at the club, instead of her usual noon to eight.

"I am scheduled to work tonight Jimmy. I was sure you were not in the least bit interested in taking your ugly old mom out anymore on Valentine's Day."

"Well, you thought wrong," he retorts the disappointment showing on his face. He notices his mother look up from her breakfast of cottage cheese and peaches with a look of mild shock on her face.

Catching her look, Jimmy immediately switches gears. He softens his voice as he flashes a clever smile. "And by the way, sorry to inform you Mom, you are neither old, and as for ugly . . . Ha never!!"

"Honey, you're sweet but I really do have to work until midnight."

"Couldn't you call off?"

"No, are you kidding," she sighs. "It's Valentine's Day remember. The restaurant is going to be real busy." Kellia hoped he would not press her on the issue as she always hated to lie to him about her job situation. Thankfully, he did not and so that was the end of it . . . or so thought the both of them.

Jimmy is in a glum mood as the day passes. A mood that only gets worse when his mother, looking particularly hot, leaves for work at 3 pm. They had made plans to go out the next day to celebrate his 18th birthday, even if it would be a day late.

Jimmy decides to head to the mall and get his mother a Valentine's Day gift to present to her that night when she gets home from work even if he is a bit pissed at her for not taking the night off. He simply did not understand how working a shift at fucking Hooters was

more important than their traditional dual celebration of Valentine's Day and his birthday.

At the mall, after spending quite some time searching for just the right gift, he buys her an expensive heart-shaped diamond pendant. Then fate intervenes.

As he is leaving he runs into three of his old buddies from the neighborhood: Ronnie, John, and Jacob. They ask Jimmy if he wants to join them as they are going to a strip club to help give Ronnie a warm send-off before he heads off to basic training for the marines the next day.

Jimmy hesitates. He has just blown the majority of his paycheck on the expensive diamond pendant for his mother.

"Hey it's birthday today right Jim? 18th huh?" John says to him.

"Yeah, big deal. I don't have any money to party with anyway." Jimmy turns to walk away feeling more dejected than ever as going to a strip club on his 18th birthday sounds like just the kind of fun he needs.

Then John, his best buddy of the bunch, steps up and suggests since it's his birthday he "wouldn't need no money for drinks or the dancers."

Jimmy readily agrees figuring going to a strip club and seeing beautiful women take off their clothes is better than sitting at home waiting for his mom to get home.

After they stopped off at a nearby restaurant to eat dinner the boys head straight to the club anxious to get their night of drinking and debauchery started.

They arrive at the large strip club, which was nestled in among a bunch of college bars, not far from the University of San Francisco campus, around 7 pm.

He assured Jimmy, who was the runt of the litter and the only one under 21, that he wouldn't be hassled for identification. Ronnie is friends with one of the head bouncers inside the club so there really shouldn't be any problems as long as Jimmy doesn't draw attention to himself. He already called ahead to talk to and get clearance that he was bringing someone under 21.

Ronnie's little party will be held at a pair of adjacent private booths reserved for them. The booths are up a short stairwell on a landing that overlooks the main club floor. His party also comes with four girls that will be their personal escorts for the evening.

The healthy cash payment he made for his party will buy them as many lap dances as they want up in their booths, but anything beyond that the boys will have to work out with the girls on their own terms. John has generously loaned Jimmy 300 hundred dollars

in twenties telling him it's an interest free loan to blow on the lovely ladies.

The four boys pack themselves into one of the booths and are enjoying their first beers when four dancers emerge from the semi-darkness and arrange themselves in a small semi-circle in front of the booth.

Jimmy looks up at the foursome of girls just as he takes a drink of beer. He nearly makes a fool of himself by spraying beer everywhere. There is his mother at the far left of the four girls staring at him with a look of extreme bemusement. Jimmy barely even looks at the other three as his eyes lock onto hers. He feels his initial shock quickly turning to horror.

But buried underneath that horror is something else. Something that cannot be denied. Something deep, dark and very, very forbidden—  
desire.

The longing for something he should not long for starts slowly as first while he looks timorously at her feet. She is wearing a pair of pink leather lace boots with five inch spike heels. The boots, despite being pink, still look slutty as all hell, which stands in direct contrast he soon notices to the rest of her outfit.

What she is wearing appears to be made to order for his own personal wishes as his fretful gaze travels upwards. What his mother

is wearing, surprisingly enough, is kind of sweet and simple, but still somehow manages to be incredibly sexy.

As his eyes move slowly north he sees she is wearing a pair of white fishnet stockings with matching lace panties, along with a simply delicious looking bra. The bra is pure white with lace trimmed edges, but what really captures his heart is the way her pretty bra is imprinted with small red rose petals scattered all over the sizable cups.

"Jimmy . . . Oh Jimmy . . ." Jimmy is lost to the world and on the verge of making a total fool of himself as he stares helplessly at his mom. "Earth to Jimmy," Ronnie is speaking to him. "Hey, birthday boy go ahead which one you want. Pick your date for the night. You can go first since it's your birthday sport."

"Hey, no way it should go by age and I'm the oldest so I go first," Jacob pipes up playing the role of a bully as usual.

Jimmy snaps out of it and comes to his senses just in the nick of time. "Yeah, well, I think Ronnie should pick first since it's his party. After all, he is paying right?" He is finally able to tear his eyes off his mom, whose look of bemusement has not changed one bit.

John, playing the role of arbitrator perfectly, announces a decision. "OK, so Ronnie first, then Jacob, then Jim since it's his birthday and me last. Hell, I ain't picky anyways."

"Sure." Ronnie agrees as he picks a cute brunette on the opposite end of Jimmy's mother. Jacob then picks a tall, skinny platinum blonde with a real nice set of hooters. She is wearing a sexy pink see-through mesh top that showed off her ample tits to an extreme degree along with a matching pink mesh short skirt that accents her long, lovely legs and petite little ass.

She announces to everyone in a sweet little girl voice her name is "Candy with a y."

Everyone now turns their attention to Jimmy. There are only two girls left. Jimmy is still staggering from this shock to his system over learning his mother is not a Hooters waitress, but instead a God-damn stripper. Now he is going to be forced into choosing his mother or this other woman.

What he wants to do is simply get the fuck out of there. But if he does that he will never hear the end of it from the guys. They already think he is weird, and maybe even a bit of a puss, for being the shy, sensitive type around girls, and this would only add fuel to the fire. In the end, it is simple peer pressure that forces him to stay.

Maybe if he said, "Hey guys, yeah hmm, I gotta go because that Asian woman there, you know the one on the far left with the gorgeous jet black hair, fetching smile and awesomely huge melons . . . yeah that is my mom."

But, of course, for obvious reasons, he really would prefer not to let his buddies in the neighborhood in on the secret his mom is a fucking stripper. Almost as if he could read his mind about wanting to leave, Jacob barks rudely, "Come on Jimmy make a choice of one of these bitches, or maybe now that the girls are here you are thinking of turning tail and running like a scared little rabbit."

Jacob, ever the wiseass, starts to bellow derisively at his own cleverness. The rude comment comes as no shock to Jimmy, as Jacob is the one who is always ribbing him the most about his lack of success with the females.

"Bad news buddy," Ronnie joins in on the fun piping in with his own wisecrack. Taking them out to a candle light dinner and wining and dining them is not an option so fucking choose already."

Kellia shoots both Jacob and Ronnie an ugly look just as John comes riding to the rescue, "Look, Jacob, we all know you are just trying to be cool by calling these . . . " He pauses and waves one arm magnanimously at the girls before finishing, "Elegant ladies 'bitches', but the manager says if we insult them, or are rude to them, or get abusive in any way we will be thrown out and guess what . . . they won't offer any refund to Ronnie, dig?"

"Fine. I am just saying he ought to pick already," Jacob mutters properly cowed by John's assessment of the situation.

Jimmy is really hoping maybe his mother will find a reason to excuse herself from their little party, but that hope seems forlorn as instead of appearing to be nervous and looking for a way out, she puts her hands on her hips, cocks her head to one side and gives Jimmy her most seductive smile.

"Come on pick one huh, before ole Jacob here blows a gasket," Ronnie prompts him while staring at Kellia causing a flash of jealous anger to pass over Jimmy.

Poor Jimmy is torn. He figures if he doesn't choose his mother her feelings very well may be hurt, but on the other hand, if he does choose her what then?

Finally, after several long moments of indecision, he maybe finds a way out. "Look, John loaned me the money, otherwise I wouldn't even be here, so I should probably let him pick. It's only fair I go last."

John readily agrees, if only to put the drama to rest, and he chooses the other girl, a fine looking redhead with a shapely figure and dazzling smile.

Jimmy, much to either his relief or horror, he is not really sure which one it is at this point, is stuck with his mother. This should be interesting, or an utter disaster, he thinks as his mother slides in next to him

"Well hon, I guess you got stuck with Special K."

"Special K?"

"Yeah, that is your mom's stage name," she whispers in his ear as she drapes an arm around his shoulder and pulls him close.

"Cute Mom," he mutters under his breath hardly believing this is happening.

"Don't blow our cover, baby and we can get through this." She mouths almost silently to him before shooting him a mischievous smile.

He turns to look at her. She looks stunning, gorgeous even with her make up perfectly applied, her long, shiny pretty black hair falling down to her ass just the way he liked it, and maybe most especially, that perfectly breathtaking body on full display with those mucho grande tits of hers being the center piece.

He doesn't know what to say so he just gives her a quick nod, and then takes a long swallow of beer suddenly wanting to get very, very drunk.

He sits the beer back down and once again Kellia leans in to whisper in his ear, giving him one final bit of bad news. "In case you are

wondering, no I can't get out of being at your little party. The schedule is set on a strict rotation. It's my turn to be on private party duty and that's it. Besides two of the girls called in sick tonight and there are no subs available even if I tried to get out of this."

Hoping she has set her son's mind at ease, Kellia straightens up, looks around the table and says loudly, "So let's order some drinks and so we can get this party started."

Jimmy makes a small noise of discontentment, before joining in on the chorus of "Sure, yeah drinks for all," raised by the other guys.

The next 15 minutes or so is spent with all eight of them, four in one booth, and four in the other, finishing off a round of drinks, whiskey with beer chasers for the guys and mixed drinks for the ladies, while making the usual idle chit chat.

Jimmy, fortunately, can handle his whiskey as that is the one thing his dad taught him—how to handle his booze like a man. He has been drinking whiskey since he was 14 so over the years he has built up a bit of tolerance to the evil fire water.

He can only imagine the effect on his mom though as he watches her sip on her rum and coke as the very few times he had seen her drink alcohol she tended to get extra warm and friendly, along with being emotional. Yep this should be interesting night alright, he mused to himself.

Unknown to Jimmy, Kellia has another compelling reason for not trying to get out of this little party. She knows if she somehow found a valid excuse to leave the party another girl will just take her place. And since it's his birthday she knows Jimmy would be afforded "special treatment" for the evening. Special treatment from one of the many strippers that turned tricks on the side.

The thought of Jimmy losing his virginity in the parking lot to some skank whore, not to mention said skank whore most likely would have some sort of STD, is enough motivation for Kellie to stay put at her son's little party, if only to protect him.

She also must factor in him being only 18. Sure he got in the club, but that is only because of Ronnie's friendship with the head bouncer which she heard him boosting about earlier. If he does something stupid that will change real quick and Jimmy could find himself in a whole mess of trouble. Best if she stays close and keeps an eye on him.

Her plan is basically simple at this point—to just play along with things and try not to embarrass him in front of his friends.

Jimmy's plan is similar as he feels trapped at this point by peer pressure. He has no intention of doing anything with his mother, unless staring at those considerable tits of hers would be considered "something." But as it turns out fate, mixed with generous amounts of whiskey, along with simple jealousy and peer pressure, will crush both of their hopes of trying to keep things decent between them.

After everyone has downed their shots Jacob, loud and aggressive as usual, commands his girl, the statuesque bleach blond named Candy, with a set of tits that rival his mother's in size and beauty to dance for them. She gets up garnering all the guy's attentions as she does a slow, sensual dance in front of both booths.

Jimmy's attention is drawn to the blonde's large breasts which are prominently on display under her slinky pink mesh top. Kellia's heart grows jealous as she sees her son stare longingly at Candy's extensive 32 E perfectly tanned round breasts. She knows little Ms. Candy, all five foot five and 107 pounds of her and seven years her junior, is the club's ultimate cougar. At 31 she was old by stripper standards and has a nasty habit of preying on the youngest and most vulnerable of the club's male patrons.

She teases, flirts, and throws her wicked body at them until they have turned out their pockets and given her nearly every last dollar. There is no doubt who the youngest and most vulnerable is among the four boys here—Jimmy.

Kellia is not so much worried about Jimmy turning his money over to her, but instead she worries that her shy sensitive son will turn his heart over to her by thinking that the interest she is sure to show him before the night is through is genuine. She vows to do whatever it will take to protect him from just that happening.

With this thought in mind, she snuggles up closer to Jimmy and breathes in his ear, "So I suppose you think her tits are bigger and nicer than mine huh?"

Jimmy pulls back. He is genuinely shocked at his mother forwardness. He almost blows things by exclaiming loudly, "Mom stop it!!" when at the last second he bites his tongue as he realizes that would not be a particularly smart thing to do. He playfully swats at her instead while giving a soft shake of his head no.

Just as Candy is gyrating and grinding her way right over to Jimmy, Jacob comes to the rescue. He reaches out and grabs Candy by the hand brashly saying, "Come on, sweetheart stop showing off for everyone. I want a lap dance."

"Yeah, that is a good idea ladies," Ronnie chimes in. "All of us should get lap dances right?"

Kellia smiles at Jimmy as a look of near terror crosses his face. She shrugs her shoulders as if to say, "What can I do?"

The other three girls are all up and on their feet as the boys move to either end of the circular booths giving the girls room to maneuver. Neither Jimmy, nor his mother, can get out of the lap dance without questions being raised.

She starts out by standing between his legs facing him with a sly smile on her pretty face, before turning away. She leans down, forcing her butt up in the air, putting her lovely ass on full display.

Then the real teasing begins as she turns back around to face him while inching her breasts closer to his face.

Jimmy involuntarily leans forward; he stares at that deep valley of tit flesh trapped by her cute little lace white bra with the small red roses on it. His mom's tits draw slowly closer, like two gigantic icebergs, forcing his thoughts to turn wicked. He so very badly wants to simply bury his face in among the pretty roses that dotted her bra cups here and there.

She gives him an impish smile before she uses one hand to push him back against the booth. Her fingers trail down his dress shirt and then she proceeds to slowly unbutton the top four buttons exposing his well-defined chest to her.

She inclines forward even further brushing her boobs against his bare chest. He loves the way the soft bra feels against his bare skin while he dreams of the luscious treasures that are contained within.

His cock jerks to even new heights of hardness when she murmurs in his ear, "You better get busy with those hands Jimmy touching me a bit or it's gonna look weird you being so reserved around me."

His mother's boobs being mashed up against his chest makes forming a clear thought nearly impossible for him. Knowing there is only that thin whisper of lacy white material between her tits and his chest only makes the experience all the more erotic.

Somewhere, as always, nipping at the very edges of his imagination, is the curious thought that his beautiful mother is doing all this very much on purpose with the singular goal of turning him. The illicit nature of what is happening between the two of them only makes things so much hotter.

It takes him a good 10 seconds before he can even organize his thoughts to respond, "Really I . . . I can touch them?" he asks in a hoarse whisper.

"Of course baby. It's all good. Here let me help you."

She props her knees on either side of his legs, resting them on the booth as she takes his hands into hers, guiding them down to her bare tummy. Their eyes locked as she steers his hands all around her firm tummy.

He watches in awe as she begins to push his hands upwards toward the breathtaking twin peaks of her majestic tits. Jimmy's imaginative mind draws him a vivid and compelling picture. He perceived his hands as being like a pair of novice mountain climbers ready to tackle, for the first time, the majestic twin peaks of Mt. Saint Kellia.

His mother's hands are like the helpful native guides who will lead the novice explorer up and into the mountains.

Maybe in playing this little game with his imagination he will not freak out when the time actually comes for him to slide his hands up and all over her tits, just as he spies Jacob doing to Candy out of the corner of his eye.

This whole little fantasy of his virgin hands exploring her "mountains" looks like it is about to happen as she uses her hands to urge him ever closer and closer to the edge of her bra. Their eyes lock; with a sly smile, just as his hands were bare inches away, she pushes them aside.

She smirks at him, takes a step back and takes her hands and deliberately starts to rub her boobs like she is putting on body lotion.

"Poor, poor baby," she coos. "And you were almost there huh." Her voice is just dripping with teasing sweetness. She trails her hands down to her lower abs in small circles, stopping just at the edge of her panties, and then works them back up to her chest.

Kellia, still smarting from the way he was so memorized by Candy's little dance earlier, uses her hurt to justify teasing her son in the extreme. She turns, leaning forward and massages her ass with both hands right in front of his face.

Then comes the grand finale. She hovers her butt just over his crotch, using her hands on his thighs to balance herself, before gradually settling her ass down onto his lap. She lets out a small gasp at both his sheer size and hardness.

Ever so purposefully, she rotates her ass in small circles, like she is painting his solid package with her cheeks. She knows exactly what she is doing as she gently pushed down bit by bit—grinding deliciously against his rigid penis.

The tension builds to unbearable levels inside his loins. He starts to lose control; he involuntarily thrusts upward pushing his crotch against her butt cheeks. He half expects her to recoil in horror, but instead she responds by switching from painting his crotch with her butt to riding it. Up and down, up and down, she matches him thrust for thrust with unnerving aplomb.

It didn't take long for the wicked scene to reach its crescendo. By about the fourth or fifth thrust he jerked once, twice and then his cock erupted inside of his pants. He sinks back into the booth wishing for a rock to crawl under.

He assumes everyone close by just realized what happened. He furtively looks to his right where Jacob had been with the ultra-shapely blond; the booth is empty. He looks across towards the other booth where John and Ronnie had been enjoying their dances and they are busy talking to their girls. It seems his dance lasted the longest.

His mother is staring at him, her hands on her hips, seemingly waiting for something. "Ahh I think she wants a tip there Jimmy," Ronnie calls out from the other booth.

"Oh . . . Ahh yeah." Jimmy's mind is on tilt from what just happened. He has no idea what a good tip might be, but decides to play it safe by giving her two twenty dollar bills. He tries to hand them to her, but she smiles sweetly at him, leans over and whispers calmly, "Stuff them in my bra, hon."

He gingerly inserted one twenty in her right cup, and one in the left cup trying not to touch anything. She thanks him with a quick kiss on his cheek, before plopping down on the seat next to him. She senses he just creamed in his jeans and is doing her best not to smile proudly about her accomplishment.

"Well it's about time you two finished up," Jacob barks as he returns with Candy. Jimmy notices with a pang of jealousy how they held hands. He quietly coveted the curvaceous Candy and now wishes to hell he would have chosen first and taken her.

She seems to Jimmy not only to be attractive, with a great body and a perfect set of tits, but also to be a genuinely nice person. He also notices, or maybe it's just wishful thinking on his part, how she keeps shooting him long playful glances.

Jimmy, desperate to get to the bathroom, clears his throat and asks, "Hey where is the bathroom?"

"Oh it's all the way over there, on the other side of the club," Candy quickly answers pointing across the main floor to a dark corner. "I better take you so you don't get lost though," she adds jumping to her feet.

Jimmy discreetly discerns how her tits jiggled as she jumped up and is instantly excited over the prospect of having this luscious blond lead him to the bathroom.

Kellia is having none of it. "No Candy, he is my date. I will take him!"

"My, my, aren't we possessive." Candy replies with a sneer directed at Kellia.

"Very much so . . . and don't forget it sweetheart." Kellia replies quick as a whip with no small measure of scorn. She grabs Jimmy's hand and nearly yanked him to his feet, before leading him down the stairs and across the crowded club.

When they finally reach the long, dark hallway leading to the restrooms Jimmy turns to his mother and is finally able to ask the million dollar question.

"Mom what the hell are you doing working here!? And really was all that necessary back there. I mean couldn't you have maybe excused yourself from our party somehow."

"OK first of all, I can ask you the same question, mister. What are you doing here? A strip club really, son!! This is not your kinda place. Plus while you may be 18 tonight this club is still 21 and over."

"It's Ronnie's going away party OK, and he paid lots of money for this little private party you know. His friend is head bouncer here so don't worry about the whole age thing. You know he is starting basic training tomorrow."

"Well fine. I suppose as long as you behave and don't draw attention to yourself you should be OK."

"Yeah, well speaking of drawing attention to one's self, what the hell are you doing working here?"

"Look I can explain all that later. Let's just say for now, this place pays our bills faster and with a whole lot more left over than Hooters ever dreamed of OK."

"Fine."

"As for me excusing myself from you guys little party. I told you I can't get out of it."

"So tell me again why exactly that is."

Kellia sighs heavily. "Look honey, the girls work the parties on a strict rotation basis, it's my turn tonight. I can't get out of it and besides we are short-handed. Plus I just started here full time and it won't look good if I start making excuses not to do my job."

"So that lap dance you gave me that was what? You doing your job?"

"It was me not blowing our cover son." She hisses sharply at him, before her face softens, "Actually it was kinda fun. I never usually get into lap dances but I guess with you things were a bit different . . . and naughty."

"Different really Mom, naughty not weird?" he asks as he squirms not only from the subject, but from the sticky cum that cakes the inside of his boxers.

"Jimmy I think our relationship is strong enough where an innocent little lap dance from your stripper mother should not be of any real concern."

Kellia inner voice now chimes in with a bit of sarcasm. Yeah right Kellia your little lap dance was just so sweet and innocent and that is why he came in his fucking jeans!

She does her best to suppress a guilty smile before saying, "Now you better get into the bathroom as you seem to be squirming a lot there sweetie. I guess you gotta really go."

Jimmy disappears into the bathroom, not even bothering with a reply, worried that his mom knows the ugly truth about the mess inside his boxers.

He heads into the last stall, thankful the bathroom is not crowded to inspect the damage. Jesus they are soaked with cum. He uses a generous amount of toilet paper in a vain attempt to clean up the mess.

At best he gets his boxers semi-dry before he heads out of the bathroom feeling more than a little nervous as earlier Ronnie had been teasing him he should be able to parlay this being his birthday into a blowjob from one of their escorts for the evening, or at the very least, a hand job.

What if this is true and they reach down inside his jeans and find his boxers already soaked with cum? He does his best to put that thought out of his mind as he heads across the floor back to the booth.

Upon his return, he finds they have ordered another round of drinks. He plops down next to his mother after she pats the sit next to her.

"Birthday boy needs to drink up," she says pushing a shot and a beer his way.

"Yeah drink up Jimmy," the guys all chime in. Jimmy complies and downs his second shot and half the beer in two quick swallows. He figures getting drunk could only help ease the tension of what he is going through now.

John and Jacob disappear, deciding to spend a few minutes watching the dancers down on the main floor, leaving Ronnie and Jimmy alone with all four of the girls.

Jimmy and Ronnie spend the night few minutes talking and laughing with the girls, but Jimmy notices how his mother is strangely quiet, in direct contrast to the very outgoing and bubbly Candy.

"Hey ain't this great having two girls at once," Ronnie hoots cheerfully.

"Yeah. Sure. Why not." Jimmy replies with little enthusiasm worrying about his mother's quietness.

Then Ronnie leans over to Jimmy and whispers to him, making a bold suggestion that cause him to panic . . . if ever so slightly.

"Hey maybe we could talk them into giving us a hand job before I burst. That lap dance nearly had me cuming in my pants it was that good."

Jimmy turns his face away blushing, since, of course, his dance was that good. He detects his mother watching him closely, and prays she did not notice him blushing when Ronnie mentioned something about cumming in his pants.

"Here we can make it worth their while right? Pull some cash out." Ronnie tosses five twenties on the table. Jimmy pulls his wallet out and sits it on the table. He means to straighten his money out as he has some bills in his wallet and some stuffed carelessly into his pockets.

He pulls five twenties from his pocket and places them alongside Ronnie's money, before putting the rest into his wallet -neatly as planned- but before he could jam the wallet into his back pocket Candy is all over him.

His wallet gets carelessly pushed off to the side of the table- a dubious error that will have enormous ramifications before this fateful evening has ran its course.

After Candy eagerly agreed to the hand job idea, as did the two young dancers with Ronnie, Kellia is left with agreeing to the idea or suspiciously declining. She agrees, first, not wanting to raise any alarm bells, but maybe more so because she simply did not want to leave Jimmy alone with Candy.

They turn down the lights over the booths enveloping each in near total darkness while Jimmy slumps back into the dark corner of his booth. He is sure his mom will find a way to opt out of this somehow, but instead, when she nestles up next to him his heart starts to race.

"Oh this will be fun for the birthday boy getting a dual hand job huh," Candy purrs in his one ear while she slowly tugs at his belt buckle.

Jimmy turns to his mother on the other side of him with a look of absolute panic on his face. Kellia takes pity and whispers in his ear, "I guess I better let Candy handle things down there. You'd probably be more comfortable with that huh, honey?"

"Yes," he whispers back. Actually he is not comfortable at all knowing his boxers might still be a little damp from the vast amount of semen he shot off into them just a little while ago.

"But I can't leave, you understand that?"

"Y-you can't . . ." Jimmy starts to say before he is interrupted by Candy.

"Hey what secrets are you two whispering about?" Candy cries indignantly to them after finally getting his belt buckle undone, along with the zipper on his jeans pulled halfway down.

"Nothing much Candy. Jimmy was just telling me how hot he thinks you are. Right?" She playfully elbows him in the ribs.

Candy moves her attention away from Jimmy's lap and looks over him to Kellia. "Are you going to help me? You don't seem too interested in what is going on down there which isn't much."

Candy slinks an arm around Jimmy and gives him a soft kiss on his cheek which causes Kellia's heart to jump with jealousy, "What's wrong honey? Are you nervous? Don't worry the bouncers don't bother us up here in the VIP booths. Come on and relax. Get hard for your sweet little Candy girl."

Candy runs her fingers through his hair before she turns his face towards her and this time gives him a nice long slow kiss directly on the lips. Jimmy barely kisses her back as his mind is preoccupied on what his mother might think.

Kellia notices her son's reluctance to kiss the pretty blond stripper back and decides she had better do something before someone asks why he is not kissing her back. She leans in close to him and whispers just loud enough for Jimmy to hear, "Better kiss her back hon or she will think your gay or something."

This gorgeous blond stripper thinking he is maybe gay causes a surge of adrenaline to fill his heart. He reaches a hand around Candy's shoulder and as she started to pull away with maybe just such a question on her lips, he pulls her back to him and kisses her back roughly.

The kiss quickly turns deeply passionate as their tongues lock while Candy reaches her hand back down inside his boxers and pulls out his now semi-firm cock. As the kiss continues Candy expertly begins to stroke the sensitive underside of his penis with one of her long, blood red manicured fingernails.

She finally breaks off the kiss and gives Kellia a long look, "Your turn. I think he is coming alive finally, but I could use your help."

"Oh I think you can handle things down there Candy. I'm not one to share anyways. Too possessive I guess. I will stay up here and keep him occupied."

She runs her fingers through his long brown hair, brushing it lightly away from his eyes before adding, "Maybe talk dirty to him while I let him play with my boobs a bit."

Jimmy gives her a surprised look as she casually mentioned playing with her boobs, but it very much has its intended effect as his cock, at the mere thought of playing with his mother's tits, has now

reached its full potential -something that does not go unnoticed by Candy.

"Wow when you mentioned letting him play with your boobs he suddenly woke up all the way down there Kellia and my, my, he is a big boy. You ought to feel this big hard monster, Kellia."

"Hmm, maybe later. For now I think he is quite happy with you playing with his big cock aren't you sweetheart?"

"Ahh y-yes." Jimmy can barely speak as Candy expertly strokes his nearly 8 inches causing wave after wave of pleasurable sensations to wash over him. Small moans of pleasure escape from Jimmy causing Kellia to give him a mirthful smile as she tries her best to ignore the jealousy tugging at her heart strings.

She understands acting upon her growing jealousy and ripping the blonde bitch's hand away is not an option so she contents herself by firing off a clever quip. "What's da matter birthday boy. Candy's hand job is not making you explode right away. Wow, that is unusual as she usually has the young ones bursting like volcano's right off the bat."

"Come on baby let's see you explode for Candy," Her voice is tinged with desperation as she takes Kellia's little quip as a comment on her ability to make this young stud come. She is simply not used to such a thing.

If it was not for cumming earlier, Jimmy is quite sure he would have been gushing semen by now. But now as his mother stares at him with a look of supreme curiosity on her face, despite how good it feels, he can't imagine having another orgasm.

"Come on Kellia, you better help out. I am working way too hard down here. Candy cries frustrated she is not made him cum already. "I can't believe he is holding out this long. And hey I thought you were going to let him play with your tits. What happened?"

"I hear you give the best hand jobs in the club, so I can't believe it either. As for playing with my tits-"

Candy interprets Kellia before she can offer an excuse as to why Jimmy is not pawing at her tits. "I give the best everything in the club. Maybe I better use my mouth huh. I will make you cum Jimmy I promise you that." Candy replies as she gives him a smile and a wink before she applies a quick kiss on his cheek, "Just relax baby."

Kellia could not stand by idly and allow Candy to suck Jimmy off. She needs to somehow prevent this from happening as she simply does not want that slut's lips wrapped around her son's cock. Furthermore, she is quite sure Jimmy has never experienced a blow job and she will be damned if his first one will be from a two bit cheap slutty blond stripper named "Candy" no less.

"Hmm I think I have a better idea Candy. Can you stop for a minute?"

Candy pulls her hand back up from inside his jeans and takes a drink of her beer. "What?"

"I think our little birthday boy needs a little romance maybe."

"Romance huh. What kind?"

"Maybe this kind." Kellia replies as she quickly hops to her feet and moves over past the two of them so she now is sitting next to Candy on Jimmy's far left.

Jimmy curiously wonders what exactly his mother was up to as she whispers something in Candy's ear that makes her giggle.

"Yeah, that might be fun." Candy answers back in a whisper just loud enough for Jimmy to hear.

"What might be fun?" Jimmy asks cautiously.

"You watching us do this." Candy turns toward Kellia and they start to make out.

Jimmy watches them kiss causing what was previously just a stiff cock turn rock hard. Candy and Kellia kiss each other like their very lives depend on it.

Jimmy has never seen anything quite so erotic in his life as watching his lovely mother make out with the golden beauty Candy. Then when he sees his mother's hands come up and start to fondle those heavenly breasts of Candy's through the thin material of her pink mesh top his cock really starts to throb with hardness.

He doesn't know if it's by design, but the girls have seemly forgotten him. Candy's mouth is slipping down to his mother's neck and is showering it with kisses. His mother seems to be enjoying the attention as she throws her head back allowing Candy total access to her neck and throat.

Jimmy wonders how much more of this he can take as he squirms in the booth from the extreme discomfort his hard cock is causing him. Her son's squirming does not go unnoticed by Kellia.

"I think he is ready now," she intones sweetly to Candy breaking contact with her.

Kellia quickly crawls back over to the other side of Jimmy while asking Candy if she has some lube.

"Of course" and points to her nearby purse. Kellia reaches in and fishes out a small bottle of lube.

Jimmy watches with growing excitement as his mom squirts a generous amount of lube on the palm of each of Candy's outstretched hands.

Kellia then boldly reaches out and grabs one of Candy's hands; she guides it under the table and wraps it around her son's cock while being sure not to touch it herself.

Jimmy leans his head back, closing his eyes, feeling Candy's well-oiled hand touch his throbbing cock. The last thing he sees is his mother's hand slipping under the table while guiding Candy's hand.

He feels two hands all over his immense pole and can only wonder if one of them is his mom's. He wants to look, but decides maybe not knowing is better. He shuts his eyes tighter while forcing himself to relax.

One soft cool hand slides easily up and down the entire shaft of his cock while another gently cups his balls. It was like heaven, but only better.

"Come for us sweetie." Candy breathes sweetly into his ear.

"Yes honey don't be shy," Kellia whispers in the other.

Kellia's hand is still wrapped tightly around Candy's and is moving it up and down the entire length of her son's big cock controlling the speed. Meanwhile Candy has her other hand deliciously cupping his balls alternating massaging them and bouncing them delicately up and down so very lightly.

Finally, the curiosity simply becomes overwhelming for him. Jimmy opens his eyes to take a peek. He sees both his mother and Candy intently concentrating on the action under the table.

The incredible feeling of having his cock expertly stroked while his testicles are being cupped and played with is starting to have the intended effect. He feels a powerful orgasm building inside of him.

The thought of maybe it was his mother's hand stroking up and down on his cock while Candy cupped his balls finally causes the dam to burst. His cock jerks once, twice and then bursts forth with an avalanche of cum that squirts all over his mother's hand which was still carefully wrapped over Candy's controlling the action.

Then as a grand finale Jimmy watches, amazed, as Candy licks his cum slowly off the back of his mother's hand. The two strippers smile sweetly at each other before Candy says, "I guess we make a pretty good team huh?"

"Yeah real good," Kellia replies darkly with a forced smile which Jimmy catches. He wonders at the dark tone in his mother's voice as Candy sits there beaming so very proud of herself.

He suspects, for whatever reason, his mother is upset. His suspicions are quickly confirmed when she jumps up out of the booth and storms off brusquely saying "I'm going to the bathroom."

"What's with her I wonder?" Jimmy asks Candy reaching for his beer.

"Maybe she is upset because she wanted to be on the bottom."

"On the bottom?"

"Yeah it was her hand on top of mine. I made you come sweetie, not her. She only helped a little bit. It was my hand cupping your balls also. I bet you liked that," she pauses and takes a quick drink of her beer. "Most guys do."

"Yeah it was nice." Jimmy answers distracted as he tries to figure out if he is relieved or disappointed that his mother never actually touched his cock.

Kellia is gone a long time. A sudden wave of motherly guilt swept over her about the time Candy was licking her son's cum off the back of her hand. How could I allow that to happen?

In the bathroom, Kellia tries to make sense of what happened. Not coming up with any answers she finally gives up and heads off to

the dancer's locker room. She spends a few minutes fixing her makeup while still trying to come to grips with what just happened. Finally, Kellia decides to give herself a pass figuring, what is done is done, and she will deal with the guilt later.

She weaves her way slowly back across the dark club to the booth only to find Candy shaking those big stupid tits of hers in his face as Jimmy seems to be eating it up. Worse yet they seem to be talking sweetly to each other and laughing as well while Kelli hangs back at the top of the dark to observe things.

The intense feelings of guilt she was feeling earlier is rapidly being replaced with an even more all-encompassing feeling of acute jealousy. She watches the lap dance, her jealousy growing in leaps and bounds, as Candy bounces up and down on his lap while grinding her pussy against him with reckless abandon.

She wonders just how jealous she might become if Candy was somehow able to make her son cum in his pants like she did earlier. Her dark thoughts are rudely interrupted though by the idiot Jacob. Kellia was so self-absorbed in her bitter thoughts she had not noticed him coming up the stairs behind her. He playfully slaps her on the ass and says, "What's up pretty lady."

Kellia nearly turns around and decks him before checking her anger just in time. Instead of being mad at Jacob for his crude behavior, she decides to use it to her advantage for a little payback towards Jimmy.

"I think you are with me now," she tells Jacob sweetly leading him up the last few stair steps and onto the landing.

"Yeah great I could go for some Chinese cuisine," he crudely tells her as they walk hand in hand past Candy and Jimmy to the other booth.

Kellia turns her head, rolling her eyes at his crass remark, but since she knows Jimmy doesn't much care for Jacob she will put up with his boorish behavior, for now anyways, to make her son jealous.

As they pass by the booth, Kellia notices how Candy is bouncing up and down on his lap while his hands are recklessly fondling those super nice tits of hers through her flimsy mesh top.

Kellia experiences a stinging moment of regret that catches her off-guard. She wishes she had not stopped him earlier from playing with her tits earlier while she had been the one bouncing up and down on his lap.

Jimmy notices his mother and Jacob snuggling up to each other in the opposite booth despite the attentions Candy is lavishing on him. He finds it hard to believe his mother let Jacob's stupid remark about "wanting to enjoy some Chinese Cuisine" pass without comment. Not only that, but now she is snuggling up with him and making nice! He is growing more jealous by the minute just as she had planned.

Jimmy tries to ignore his mother as much as she tries to ignore him while they enjoy another round of drinks. After downing a shot of Tequila, Candy pulls Jimmy back into the corner of their booth and whispers in his ear, "So did you like watching me make out with Kellia? Where you, maybe jealous, coz I wasn't kissing you also like that huh?"

"Umm, maybe yeah."

Candy places a soft kiss on his lips as she senses the timing is right to make her move on this vulnerable young man.

Curious, Jimmy decides to go out on a limb and ask her the question that has been bugging him since the first time Candy kissed him. "I thought you . . . I mean I was told by my buddies, we couldn't, you know, kiss any of the girls."

Candy gives him a warm smile before replying. "That is the general rule, but I have the power to make exceptions when I want. And since it's your birthday and you're so adorably cute I just couldn't help myself hon. I mean I rarely ever kiss my customers, but with you." She lightly brushes a strand of his golden brown hair out of his eyes, "Yeah, I think maybe you could be much more than just a simple customer."

She looks away briefly before making a confession that is rather startling to him in its bluntness. "What I am trying to say Jimmy, I really like you . . . a lot."

"You do?" Jimmy replies lamely, not sure how to respond or maybe even not quite believing what she just told him.

"You don't believe me. Let me show you." She kisses him again, this time a bit more forcefully, to which Jimmy has no choice but to respond. When Candy aggressively shoves her tongue in his mouth he responds likewise.

Candy and Jimmy finally come up for air from their little make out session and she excuses herself to use the bathroom. He takes a quick peek in the direction of his mother's booth and sees her snuggling in the corner while whispering and giggling with the idiot Jacob.

Much to his surprise his jealousy comes back in full force, especially as now his mother is giving the idiot a lap-fucking-dance!! Unfortunately, it doesn't take long for Jimmy to realize how much his mother appears to be enjoying the dance she is giving the fucking asshole.

He observes with supreme disgust as she shakes her ass in his face before settling down in his lap. He sadly notes how she looks to be grinding her ass against his crotch with the same reckless abandon she did for him.

Suddenly he doesn't feel special anymore as his thoughts turn black with infinite jealousy. He watches in horror his mother grab Jacob's hands and slowly guide them up and across her tummy.

"She better not let that asshole touch her tits," Jimmy mutters under his breath. But much to his absolute disgust she not only allows it, but seems to be encouraging it. She does not stop his hands just short of her pretty bra- like with him- but instead pushes Jacob's hands fully up and onto her breasts.

Even worse still, Kellia turns her face to Jacob as he paws at her tits and begins to kiss him. He doesn't want to accept what he is seeing as his mother proceeds to arch her back, pushing those massive tits out towards him, and seems to offer nothing but encouragement for him to continue pawing at them.

Jimmy is so focused on watching his mother and rival go at it that he doesn't notice Candy has returned. She slides in next to him saying, "I guess your old girlfriend has found her a new man. Jesus, Jimmy the bitch is old enough to be your mother anyways so I'm not sure why you like her so much."

Jimmy just in the middle of taking a swallow of his beer and nearly spits it out when Candy makes her "old enough to be your mother" crack.

"Yeah, well fuck her. I don't like that much." Jimmy mumbles bitterly.

Candy takes his hand and uses it to softly turn his face upwards towards her until he is staring directly in her pretty blue eyes. Candy has a set of big piercing blue eyes that would melt the coldest of

hearts. Next to her pretty blond hair and her exquisite tits it may be her most desirable physical trait.

"Really, well, tell her that as she seems to be rather possessive over you," Candy tells him in his ear as she snuggles up next to him. "You know she is not the only one with big tits around her. Mine are pretty big and nice also Jimmy, or so I have been told."

"I imagine they are," he replies tearing his eyes away from his mom and her new found friend to take a sneak peek at Candy's luscious tits.

At least their little fondling/make out session is over as Jacob is now downing a shot with a beer chaser. He watches his mother giggle as the witty Jacob has doubtlessly charmed her by saying something clever.

Watching that asshole make her laugh like that is almost worse than watching him paw at her damn tits, he thinks angrily before finally, unable to take it anymore, he resolves to ignore his mother for the balance of the evening.

Just then, Candy interrupts his thoughts with a tempting offer. "You know sweetie, I been watching you stare at my tits all night. I could . . . ahh let you touch them a bit if you want."

Jimmy sits up straight in the booth as he can scarcely believe what he is hearing. "Here in the booth, now you mean. It's allowed? H-how much?" Jimmy cries in utter shock at her bold offer.

"Don't worry hon, it's allowed as long as we approve it and we tip security out at the end of the night. You will tip me enough, I'm sure, to let me do that right sweetheart?" she purrs as she gazes into his eyes while batting her long eye lashes at him seductively.

"Of course."

"Then come on what are you waiting for?" Candy asks. She turns in the booth to face him, "Here . . . I know you are a bit shy- so let me help you." She boldly takes his hands into hers and guides them up to her chest. He starts to fondle Candy's tits through the soft mesh material of her barely there see-through top.

He is soon so far lost in their big softness that he fails to notice his mother scowling at him from her booth. Kellia, all alone now as Jacob went off to use the bathroom, finds herself burning up with resentment watching her son fondle Candy's tits. She calls his name, hoping to break the spell that Candy's baby blue eyes, bleach blond hair and awesomely big tits have apparently placed over him, but he either doesn't hear her, or worse yet is choosing to ignore her.

But Kellia is not one to be ignored. She lets the angry jealousy building inside of her get the better of her, "Jimmy!!" She barks his name louder this time.

Candy turns to glare at Kellia, "He's busy. Can't you see that! Now leave us alone . . . please."

Jimmy was about ready to respond to his mother after she barked his name, but Candy sensing her quarry's attention being distracted away from her throws herself into his lap.

Jimmy opens his mouth to protest, but as soon as he does Candy slips a hand around the back of his head and gives him a fierce open mouth kiss.

Jimmy, caught off guard by this sudden display of aggression, responds to his natural instincts, and kisses her back.

Kellia slams her glass down in abject anger to what she is watching hoping her little display of temper will get his attention.

Jimmy sees this out of the corner of his eye and tries to twist away from Candy, breaking off their kiss. He watches as his mother gets up from the booth, and gathering her stuff together she slams it haphazardly into her purse.

But before he can even begin to respond to his mother's anger Candy raises up and pushes those mammoth tits in his face while giggling over the whole scene, especially as Kellia goes storming away.

Kellia pauses at the top of the stairwell to see if Jimmy is actually going to let her go without a word, but Candy ,by this time, has forcefully slipped one hand around the back of his head and tangled her fingers into his long hair.

Trapped, Jimmy finds his face being pulled into the immense cleavage of her tits. Candy begs for Jimmy to "forget the bitch."

Jimmy, while he would maybe love to forget about his mother and concentrate on the lovely Candy, is simply too distracted by her obvious anger. He must go talk to her- that is if he can escape from Candy's clutches.

Kellia, flings her purse over her shoulder before hazarding one last glance backwards at the table, hoping her son will not let her leave so easy.

Candy fights to keep Jimmy's attention squarely on her as she claws at him like a wildcat. She struggles to keep her tits pushed firmly in his face. She is practically begging him to play with them as she pulls the thin pink mesh down revealing her tits to his eyes in all their naked glory.

Curiosity gets the better of him. He looks at her tits and is lost. They are big and round and perfectly tanned. Her nipples are fully erect. She guides his face down into that lovely canyon of glorious tit flesh.

"That's it baby, let me massage that adorable face of yours with my titties . . . but don't suck on them . . . not yet anyway."

He closes his mouth and starts to rub his face back and forth in between her tits. A triumphant Candy is eating it up as she spies Kellia looking at them.

Kellia's pause at the top of the small flight of stairs turns out to be a real mistake. Jimmy is not coming after her, but instead is burying his face in between her fucking tits. She mistakes his initial struggles to free himself for something more like him trying to keep his face burrowed in between her breasts.

She flees down the stairs with tears in her eyes and sadness in her soul. Extreme jealousy fills her heart seeing his face buried in between another woman's tits.

Kellia storms across the club's floor, and heads for the dancers' locker room. She slams the door open, walks hastily over to her locker, changes into her street clothes- a pretty white blouse and a pair of tight blue jeans- grabs her coat and flies out the door.

She pauses briefly at the door to tell the bouncer to inform Mr. Collins, the club manager, that she has an emergency call from home. Her son is sick and she has to leave to get home right away. She only has about an hour left on her 4-11 shift anyway so she figures Mr. Collins won't mind too much.

The cool night air does little to sooth her anger. She slams her car into gear and peels out of the parking lot. She just wants to get home, jump in hot bath, and forget this day ever existed.

Back inside the club, having a lovely blonde sitting in his lap, with her tits thrust in his face for him to thoroughly enjoy, should have put Jimmy in heaven, but his heart ached watching his mother leave with such anger.

It takes a supreme effort, but he finally manages to yank his face out of her cleavage. "I got to use the bathroom. Sorry, too much beer you know."

"OK, you will be back though right Jimmy." They are alone now as the others have disappeared to parts unknown.

He turns to leave, but she was not making it easy. "Hey you think next week maybe we can go out."

"Go out?"

"Yeah on a date maybe. I like you a lot and want to see you again, but not here, where I have to share you with all these other beautiful women."

Jimmy is so taken back by Candy asking him out he could barely formulate a response.

"I guess I mean sure . . . why not."

"Give me your number and I will call you later so we can make plans OK."

"Ahh yeah." He hastily scribbles his cell number on a napkin before he bounds down the stairs intent on finding his mother.

When he can't find her after a hasty search he figures she either left or is in the bathroom. He figures to narrow the choices down to one or the other so he asks the bouncer at the door if maybe he seen the "pretty Asian chick with long hair leave."

"Oh yeah you mean the older one with the huge tits."

"Yeah that would be the one," he mutters.

"She went storming out of here not five minutes ago. Said her son was sick and needed to get home to him right away. The kid is lucky you know."

"Oh yeah why is that?" Jimmy asks curiously.

"Well most of these dancers would never leave a shift early to tend to a sick child. Some of them don't care two shits about their kids from what I can see."

"Yeah, thanks man." Jimmy replies trying not to laugh over the irony of the situation. Then just like his mother a few minutes earlier he too goes roaring off into the night.

Luckily, as he had no business driving, he is able to safely navigate his way home. After he pulls the car into the driveway he flips open the glove box and pulls out the small jewelry box that has her diamond pendant in it. He stuffs it into his front jeans pocket and races up the front walk to the door.

He let himself into the dark house and dashes up the stairs two at a time. He sees a soft glow coming from under her closed bedroom door. He knocks softly on the door. There is no response. He knocks louder. Still nothing.

He pushes on the door, it's not locked, so he enters the room. She is curled up on her bed with a medium sized white stuffed teddy bear he gave her last Valentine's Day. His heart wrenches as he sees she is crying softly.

She has on an old pair of sweat pants and a tattered sweatshirt. Truthfully, she looks like shit compared to how hot she looked at the club earlier tonight. Her hair is pinned up in the insipid bun style he

hates and her makeup is a mess from the crying jag he is just catching the tail end of.

She sits up clutching the teddy bear and stares at him blinking back more tears.

"Hi Mom, are you OK? You left kinda in a hurry there."

"Yeah well, I had seen enough for the night to know I just needed to get out of there." She glances down at the teddy bear, stroking the top of its head thoughtfully before adding, "I remember when you gave this to me last year on Valentine's Day, that and a bunch of sweet little kisses as I recall. The chocolate candy kind and better yet the real kind. You made me feel so good about myself, very much unlike this year."

"Mom I didn't plan on going there. It just happened. I ran into the guys at the mall and . . ." He shrugs his shoulders in resignation before falling silent.

"No need to explain honey. I understand, it's your birthday, your 18th birthday no less and you wanted to see what the strip club scene was all about. I'm guessing you were impressed enough with your fucking date for the night that you will be back with a pocketful of cash before too long."

Boy she must be pissed to be using the F word, Jimmy thinks wondering just exactly how jealous she is over Ms. Candy.

"Mom I'm not going back there to see her, if that is what you are thinking."

"Her who?" Kellie snaps back rather sarcastically. "Oh Candy you mean. Why would I think that, only maybe because the way you were pawing at those big tits of hers and then what, she let you suck on them? I know you have a bit of a big boob fetish so maybe I shouldn't blame you."

Jimmy's face flushes red as he briefly speculated just how his mother knows about his little "big boob fetish" as she puts it. Well truthfully, it's probably a bit more than a simple big boob fetish that Jimmy has, but more so an all-powerful, absolute rampant and uncontrollable craving for the plus sized packaged breasts.

Kellia waits for Jimmy to defend himself and when instead he says nothing her eyes flash with sudden anger as she slams the teddy bear onto the bed, "God she is such a slut!!"

"Mom . . ." He is about to apologize when he suddenly remembers the scene, remembers what caused him to start pawing at Candy in the first place.

Now it's his turn to have a flash of jealous anger which he promptly unleashes on her with an unexpected fury that catches her off guard, "Jesus, Mom I only did that because of what you were doing with Jacob, and he is such an asshole, at least Candy is nice."

"Nice looking maybe, nice tits for sure, nice ass, nice hair, pretty smile . . . Yeah OK but nice, as in a nice person . . . no way."

"Look I did not race home to talk about fucking Candy. I came home to see you and make sure you are OK. I think we both just sorta of got caught up in an escalating game of jealousy Mom."

"Yeah a game you won."

"Then why do I feel like such a loser." He takes a chance and reaches out to take her hands into his. He half expects her to jerk away, but when she doesn't his heart is imbued with hope.

"You are not a loser, just so adorably cute that you caught the eye of someone that makes me extremely jealous with her youth, her blonde hair, her big beautiful tits, sweet ass and besides all that I guess she is so nice too."

"Jeez Mom you . . ." He looks at his mother seriously wondering if he should go on. "You make her sound like she is so much better than you and she isn't, not in the least."

"Really, I doubt you mean that!!" She indignantly yanks her hands from his; her pretty eyes again flashing with annoyance before continuing. "It's just, I can't help but to think how grossed out you must have been by my lap dance and how turned on you must have been by hers."

"I wasn't grossed out Mom. It was nice."

"Yeah, but not as nice as Candy's I suppose?"

He jumps up from the bed and starts pacing as this was not the way he envisioned the conversation going. Suddenly he barks at her, momentarily losing his cool, "I am not going to sit here all night and debate the merits of each of your lap dances, Mother."

Besides this is a subject he desperately wants to steer clear of considering how her lap dance made him cum in his fucking pants for God sakes. He glances across at the clock on her nightstand and sees it was still only 10:40 pm. He makes a quick decision.

"Look Mom I know it's been a trying night, for the both of us, but you know there still is an hour and half left in Valentine's Day."

"So what you think that is enough time to salvage the night and still make it special for the both of us."

"We could try." Jimmy responds hopefully. "I have a little something for you anyway."

"You do. Really you got me something for Valentine's Day. You were always sweet that way."

"I am sweet Mom and so are you and that is why we always make the most wonderful of Valentine couples."

"Except tonight of course when you were more focused on . . . ."

"Don't say it Mom!" Jimmy warns sure that once again his mother will go off on Candy.

"Fine," she snorts.

"Please, I don't want to start that argument up again. What I want is for you to say you are ready to accept your present."

"Yes, of course, hon, really, you know me, always greedy for anything you want to give me."

Jimmy can't help but to notice the way his mother slyly emphasized the word anything, and considering what has transpired between them earlier at the club the subtle meaning is not entirely lost on him.

"So what did you get me?" A smile finally, thankfully, tugs at the corners of her mouth.

"Something that says I want you to be my Valentine's Day girl as always Mom."

"Well damn, I feel awful as I didn't get you anything for Valentine's Day or your birthday. I had planned on leaving work a little early and stopping to get you something and then, well you know, all this shit happened so."

"Don't worry about it. You being my mother is gift enough for me."

"Damn it Jimmy!!" she whines, "You always know what to say to melt my heart and stop me from staying mad at you."

He extends a hand to her while announcing formally, "I have not yet began to melt your heart me lady."

"Oh is that right." She takes his hand and allows him to help her to her feet before replying just as formally, "And pray tell . . . where is this gift of mine be?"

He smiles and dusts off a favorite little game of theirs from when he was just little. "Close your eyes Mom, I'm going to make you happy."

She closes her eyes laughing as she recalled fondly how he used to present her with flowers, or some other small token of his love for her way back when he was so much younger, and used to pull this little game on her all the time.

He pulls the small jewelry box out of his pocket and elegantly drops to one knee. "Open your eyes."

Her pretty eyes flutter open; she sees him there on bended knee and smiles the smile of love. He grandly produces the white box from behind his back and presents it to her with a superfluous display of chivalry.

Kellia slowly opens the box and then gasps with utter delight. "God Jimmy it's beautiful. This must have cost a small fortune."

"Friends again?"

She snaps the box shut making a rash decision before answering him. "Yes, well, maybe, it depends on how you receive your birthday present in a few minutes as I now know for sure I must give you something."

She heads to her bathroom saying over her shoulder, "I am going to go try my beautiful new present on in the bathroom and maybe, if

you would not mind, put on something a bit nicer for our makeup party. You do want to make up right?"

"Yes of course, very much so."

"Good then in the meantime, you should go, ahh freshen up yourself as I can still smell that whore's perfume on your shirt baby."

"Mom!!"

She shuts the door to the bathroom ending any further discussion. A plan is forming in her mind as she shuts the bathroom door. A wicked, naughty plan, but being a little tipsy as she is helps to quiet any small part of her that may protest pushing forward with her plan.

It's simple what she wants. Basically she is tired of being jealous over Candy and her son's antics with her. She wants to put that jealousy to rest once and for all.

Jimmy sighs heavily as he gets up and leaves her room. He will do as she wanted-as always. After he takes a quick shower and puts on a fresh pair of jeans and a different shirt, he comes back to her bedroom and sits patiently on her bed.

Finally, after what seems forever, she emerges from the bathroom. Her ratty old clothes have been replaced by a pretty white satin robe along with a pair of slutty looking spike high heels. He notices how pretty she looks once again with her make up done to perfection, along with letting her long gorgeous hair down just the way he likes it.

She offers him a quick smile, while she bustles around the room preparing things. She strategically places several candles throughout the spacious bedroom. One on the dresser, several on the vanity table, one on each of the nightstands that flank her bed. Some more on the bookcase against the wall, and finally a couple more on the large oak entertainment center that covers the better part of one wall.

Kellia turns out all the lights so the bedroom is only lit by the flickering glow of the dozens of candles placed through the room.

She leads him over to the corner of her bedroom where her vanity table with its large mirror sits, before pushing him down on the bench in front of it. He watches in the mirror as she stands behind him.

"So what do you have in mind?" he asks curiously.

"Oh nothing much, just . . . maybe an official birthday lap dance for my birthday boy."

"A lap dance Mom. Y-you don't have to do that," he tells her nervously remembering what happened last time.

"Please baby let me give you one. A real nice one that will put that one Candy gave you to shame. Pretty please."

"But Mom you gave me one already."

"Of course, how could I forget?" Their eyes find each other in the mirror. "I . . . well the truth is I held back on my dance since I figured if I went all out you would be grossed out." She pauses and looks at him seriously before continuing. "Besides, honey watching you with Candy tonight just set my heart afire with jealousy. I need to know that I give better lap dances than she does. It's important to me, plus it's your birthday and its tradition at Club Diamond that guys, especially on their birthdays, get a really nice lap dance from a dancer of their choice."

"But, ahh Mom, if you have not noticed, we ain't at the club no more."

"Yes I know we aren't at the club, let's just say I'm bringing my work home with me," she giggles at her little joke before she continues her argument, "Which is kinda better if you stop and think about it."

"Oh yeah how so?"

"Number one, we are all alone and number two there shall be no rules."

"No rules," he murmurs his heart racing at such a thought.

"Yes no rules sweetheart." She runs her fingers seductively through his hair, "So this very private lap dance that I want to give you can allow for so much more . . . Hmm let's call it interaction between the dancer and the birthday boy."

"This little lap dance you want to give me Mom, it's so you won't be jealous of Candy anymore or it's just a sorta of gift for my birthday?"

"A bit of both I think sweetheart, and if you value my feelings at all, and want to make it up to me for hurting my feelings." She pauses again and softly reaches a hand around and turns his face up towards hers. "You should probably stop arguing and say yes that you would love a very special lap dance from your mother."

When she put it like that he was left with no choice. He would another lap dance after all.

"Good besides it's rude to turn down birthday presents especially when I owe you one big time, and besides, I think maybe my dance is also a way of saying I'm sorry."

"Sorry for what?"

"Sorry for you having to see that idiot Jacob, you know playing with my," she leans in and whispers the final word in his ear, "Tits."

She starts to softly knead his shoulders as she raises back up and smiles at him in the mirror.

"Yeah and don't forget to mention how you were rubbing all over him and the way the two of you were kissing and giggling like a couple of schoolchildren."

"You were jealous?"

"Very much so."

"Aww poor baby. Mommy made you jealous. Well, here let me make it up to you." She purrs her voice dripping with sweetness.

She strokes the side of his cheek as she screws up the courage to take the plunge into prohibited waters. Her mind made up, she walks over to the small stereo in the corner and flipped a switch.

Music fills the air- a classic stripper ballad Here I Go Again by Whitesnake.

Here I go again, how very appropriate, Jimmy ponders as he relaxes and watches his mom move towards him. She moves like a cat, slinking this way and that to the hot beat of the music. She undulates her body directly against him, before angling away and then back- a sexy smile on her pretty face.

Kellia turns him around on the bench so he faces her bedroom. She is playing with the tie that holds her satin robe shut, opening it briefly, teasing him, tempting him to what might be underneath.

Jimmy catches a flash of pink under the white robe, only causing his curiosity to pique. She stops directly before him, and ever so slowly undoes the white sash that holds her robe securely shut. Finally, she pulls the sash free allowing her robe to part slightly, before pulling it open fully.

Underneath she has on a pink teddy that is all delicate lace and soft ribbons. Now that she has his full attention, she quickly moves to capitalize on it. She slinks around to his back, trailing the white sash along his neck, while whispering sweet nothings in his ear.

Neither notices the door to the bedroom. It slowly, ever so slowly, creaks open, the sound obscured by the music. Nor do they notice, just a few short seconds later, the smart phone thrust into the opening of the door videotaping what they think is a most private moment.

Unknown to either of them, Candy had retrieved Jimmy's wallet left behind at the table earlier. When Jimmy did not return to the table she was able to put two and two together figuring Jimmy went chasing after her.

Candy is simply not used to rejection and really doesn't know how to handle it. She thumbs through his wallet, finding his driver's license, along also what appears to be maybe a house key stuck in one of the small compartments of the wallet.

Impulsively, she decides to pay Jimmy a visit at the address listed on the license meaning to kindly return his wallet. She was hopeful this small act of kindness would be duly rewarded somehow.

As she made her way into his neighborhood, having left about 25 minutes after Kellia and Jimmy, the surroundings start to look eerily familiar. Several weeks back, when Kellia's car was in the shop for repairs, Candy had generously given her a ride home, hoping her act of kindness would be rewarded with a night of wild sex with the hot Asian dancer. Sadly, Candy's hopes went unfulfilled as Kellia did not respond warmly to her excessive flirtations during the ride home.

Candy was both bi-sexual and a stone cold freak when it came to sex. She especially favored younger men, and sexy older women. Her ultimate dream was to have a threesome with a handsome young man and a hot older woman, but thus far, it was still only a dream.

Now as she turned onto Jimmy's street she realizes with growing surprise that it's the same street that Kellia lives on. Could it be a mere coincidence or something more? As she drives slowly past the dark house listed on his license, she realizes it's no coincidence- Jimmy's address is the same house where just weeks ago she dropped Kellia off.

She remembers, with growing amusement, how Kellia mentioned on the ride home that day she had a son that was almost 18. Now everything came together as Candy parks the car down the street and approaches the house.

Two cars were in the driveway, one she recognized as Kellia's, while the other she supposed to be Jimmy's. She now understood perfectly well why there was such an undercurrent of tension between Jimmy and Kellia all during the night.

It was obvious - Jimmy showed up to the strip club unexpectedly with his pals and wanted to keep it a secret that his mother was a stripper. Hell maybe Kellia even had kept it a secret that she was a stripper from her son. That would explain a lot. She knocks on the door. No answer. A louder knock. Still nothing. She considers ringing the door bell and then suddenly has a better idea; a dangerous idea.

The idea forming in her head could be risky. Illegal even. But then again Candy lived on the edge so this was not really extreme behavior for her. She clearly recalls how Kellia had told her that night

on the ride home that she lived alone with her son which, at the very least, made what she was planning somewhat safer.

Candy is hopeful a daring course of action might lead to having her dream fulfilled. Yes that dream of having a wicked threesome with a young man and an older woman. The fact that the older woman was the young man's mother is all the more reason for her to be excited.

Candy will use the fact that Kellia gave her underage son, it was his 18th birthday, not his 21st as she had wrongly assumed at the club, alcohol and lap dances to her advantage. Most damning though was how she helped make him cum while assisting her with the hand job.

What she is contemplating is simple blackmail. She is sure the intensely private Kellia would do anything to keep her private matters just that, private, and once Candy showed them she knew their little secret she will have the upper hand. Maybe sneaking into the house like this she will find even more damning evidence that will only strengthen her position like maybe Jimmy and Kellia have a real close, real special that is, mother/son relationship that neither would care to make public

Candy listens for a minute at the front door and hears nothing. She carefully inserts what she fervently prays is the spare house key from Jimmy's wallet into the lock. The key, much to her relief, turns and she quietly lets herself into the house.

The downstairs is dark and quiet so she creeps up the stairs just to the left of the entryway. The stairs and hallway are both dark except for a small shaft of light that emits from under a door at the top of the stairs. She assumed this to be the master bedroom, especially after she draws closer and hears Kellia's voice.

She lowers her ear to the door and quietly listens. A smile crosses her face as they are arguing about her.

Once the talk turns to Kellia giving her son a lap dance for his birthday her smile turns brighter. She pulls out her phone and clicks it to record; here it is more evidence for her blackmail scheme.

Now if only the door is unlocked. Her incredible luck holds. The knob turns gently. She pushes it open slowly, silently, and starts recording just as Kellia trails the white sash from her robe along his neck, before she reaches down and yanks his tee shirt up and off of his body.

He thinks of protesting, in fact, he even begins to open his mouth, but she quickly lowers her mouth to his ear and whispers, "It's tradition for the birthday boy to give the stripper total control honey so no protesting. Understand?" The protest dies on his lips, replaced by him meekly giving her a simple yes.

He turns and sees his mother bent over behind him. Unbelievably she is quickly binding his wrists with the white sash. Binding them tight to the back of the chair.

"Jesus Christ Mom!! W- what are you doing?" he whimpers.

"I think this will help ensure the total control I demand." She replies with a smug smile on her pretty face. "Besides it's just more tradition my dear. To tie the birthday boy's hands snugly behind him. Being oh so helpless will only help increase the tension, and then ultimately the pleasure you will experience later on."

He is about to comment maybe on how all this "tradition" is really not necessary when she moves around to the front of him and slowly begins to sway her body.

She slithers closer and closer to him until the pink teddy containing her gorgeous tits is rubbing up against his chest. She smiles at him sweetly, before giving him three soft kisses, one on each cheek, and the last one on his lips.

She leans her head back, shaking her tits for all their worth, before suddenly thrusting her body forward, wrapping a hand around the back of her son's head and forcing his face into the deep cleavage of her breasts.

Candy has seen enough. Boldly she enters the room announcing loudly, "Well at least I know now why you two were so tense around each other tonight."

She walks confidently over to the stereo and turns the music down as both Kelli and Jimmy stare in stunned disbelief. Finally Kellia recovers enough to speak. "What the hell Candy are you doing in my house . . . in my bedroom!!?"

"I could almost ask the same question. Like just what the hell are you doing in your bedroom with your son? Giving him yet another lap dance. Maybe giving him a bit more alcohol. I mean all 18 year old boys should drink with their stripper mothers of course."

"Get the hell out or I am calling the cops for breaking and entering."

Candy simply ignores her and instead wanders across the spacious bedroom. "Ahh a real old-fashioned brick fireplace. I just love a warm glowing fire on a cold night like this. It's so . . . romantic."

Kellia ignores her comment and instead repeats her earlier threat to call the cops.

"Well you got the entering part right, but I did no breaking. I have a key from some young man's wallet right here. I could always say your son gave this to me and invited me to drop by his house . . . anytime. Let the cops try and figure who is lying. You know they love to do that."

Kellia sighs knowing she is right about the cops while hoping she is not right about Jimmy giving her the key and inviting her to "drop by anytime".

She shows them the key, and then fishes the wallet out of a pocket of the long mink fur coat she is wearing and waves it at Jimmy.

"You carelessly left it on the table hon," Candy says flipping the wallet onto the nightstand next to Kellia's king sized bed. "All the money is there. I just came to return it is all."

"Really!! Well thank you, but there is this thing called a doorbell you know." Kellia says her voice dripping with sarcasm.

"Well I knocked, but you two were obviously much too busy up here to hear so, yeah so I snuck in. It turns out sneaking in is . . . ahh enlightening."

"OK you returned the wallet now please leave, Candy."

"Is that all I get? A brush off for such a kind act of returning this young, and I do mean young . . . as in NOT old enough to drink . . . man's wallet. Hmm, I wonder what management would say if they knew you were helping feed alcohol to your 18 year old son who should not even have been in the club in the first place . . . which of course you knew. Also, I wonder what the general public on . . . let's say You Tube would think of a mother giving her son a lap dance.

It's all right here." Candy holds up her phone smiles and adds, "Caught on tape if you will."

It suddenly dawns on Kellia that she may be in a bit of trouble here. Just what kind of trouble she is not sure, but one thing is obvious - Candy wants something in order to keep her mouth shut.

"OK, I will play along, so what do I owe you for your silence in regards to . . . well everything?"

Candy smiles and holds her hand out to Kellia gesturing they should talk in the privacy of the bathroom. Kellia agrees to talking, but pointedly refuses Candy's proffered hand.

They disappear into the bathroom ignoring Jimmy's pleas to be released from his bondage to the chair.

A few minutes later both of them reappear. Jimmy starts to ask what is going on, but is cut off by his mother who promises to explain everything while Candy goes to her car to retrieve something.

Disappointed he sees his mother is now wearing her white satin robe again. Whatever disappointment he was feeling is short lived due to the Kellia's explanation of what must happen next.

Jimmy and Kellia are to be under the command of Candy for the remainder of the evening in exchange for her promised silence in regards to what she knows of tonight's little adventures between Kellia and her son at both the strip club and in her bedroom.

Candy re-enters the room carrying a good sized black bag and goes over and unties Jimmy before asking if Kellia has anything to drink.

"Just some champagne left over from New Year's Eve. It's unopened. I will go get it."

"I will go with you," Candy replies as they leave Jimmy alone. He paces the room nervously wondering what Candy is really up to.

Once back in the bedroom, Candy wastes no time getting down to the heart of things. "Now, I have thought long and hard about this and have decided that both of you need to be punished for running off and leaving me all alone at the club. And here I thought you guys liked me."

"W-what is our punishment." Kellia asks nervously.

Candy doesn't bother to reply, instead she tells Jimmy to use the bathroom out in the hallway to freshen up a bit before the fun and games get started.

The last thing he sees before heading out of the room is Candy talking quietly to his mother. Whatever she said to her causes a look of shock to cross his mom's face he notices before leaving the bedroom.

Candy's instructions to Kellia are simple. She will obey her every order and refer to her humbly as "Master". Kellia agrees — what more can she do as Candy holds all the cards.

Candy directs Kellia to go into her closet and change back into that same pretty white flowered bra she was wearing at the club earlier tonight remarking how she thought it looked so cute on her.

Jimmy, after taking his time in the bathroom, enters the bedroom and is astonished to find his mother and Candy pleasantly enjoying a glass of champagne while sitting next to one another on the large rug in front of the fireplace.

There is a roaring fire blazing away making the bedroom warm and toasty. The whole scene might have actually been romantic under a different set of circumstances.

Maybe the idea of romance is filling his head due to his mom changing back into her pretty white rose dappled bra he liked so much from the club earlier.

As for Candy's attire it's a bit curious to say the least. She is wearing one of his mother's robes and not just any robe, but maybe the least sexy robe she owns. It's a thick white fuzzy robe, comfortable in all aspects along with being boring in every way. Jimmy affectionately refers to it as her "old lady" robe whenever she dares wear it around him.

He is curious as to why a consummate showoff such as Candy would choose to wear something so boring. She is obviously not wearing the jeans and sweater she had on earlier as he notes how they are resting in a messy heap on the floor next to the bed. His curiosity only grows when he observes the open toed slutty six inch black spike high heels she is wearing along with the robe. It is a definite mismatch.

But he has little time to stay curious because seeing Jimmy enter the room, Candy quickly drains the last of her champagne, as does his mother. Candy then directs his mother to use the bathroom just like her son to freshen up a bit, again before the fun and games are to begin.

No sooner does Kellia disappear inside the bathroom than Candy walks over to Jimmy and tears off his jeans. He is too shocked to resist. Once the jeans, along with his shirt, are on the floor she leads him over to the bed. Nearing the bed he notices there are four bright red sashes attached to each of the corner posts. He swallows hard suspecting they are for him.

He dares not protest as Candy smirks at him before she strips off his boxers so he is utterly naked. She roughly pushes him onto his back, stretches out his limbs and binds him helplessly to the four posts of the bed with the bright red sashes.

The sashes are tied so expertly, that is they are tight without being uncomfortable, that Jimmy rightly suspects that Ms. Candy is a bit of an expert in the art of bondage. He has only the vaguest notion of the sex games people sometimes like to play so this is all rather new and exciting to him.

Candy thankfully takes pity on him as she covers the lower half of his body with a thin blue sheet hiding his nakedness. She plops down on the bed next to him, her back facing him, ignoring him as she sips on a fresh glass of champagne.

Inside the bathroom, Kellia fixes her makeup a bit, puts on Jimmy's favorite perfume, and starts to comb her hair. She runs the comb slowly through her long dark hair trying to wrap her head around the left turn into the world of bizarre this night has taken.

Jesus maybe bizarre is not even a strong enough word as first her 18 year old son shows up at the damn strip club she works at and now this!!

Whatever this may end up being Kellia is sure it will be a wild ride as she remembers the stories about Candy and her wild appetite for sex . . . of the kinkiest kind.

She is taking her sweet time getting ready for what she figures to be the main event of the evening—her punishment- trying to steel her nerves to do whatever her "Master" is going to require of her.

Brushing her hair slowly like this in the past has always had a calming effect on her, and once again it works. She is starting to relax until there is a sharp knock on the door followed by Candy's commanding voice.

"Hey what is taking you so long? Hurry up already."

Kellia stops brushing her hair. Impatient to get started is my master she laughs to herself wondering if that is a good sign . . . or a bad sign.

"I will be out in a minute. I am just fixing my hair," she replies patiently not wanting to show any sign of weakness or fear.

"Well hurry up bitch and get your ass out here."

Here first reaction to being called a bitch in front of her son is anger, but it quickly passes. Probably showing off for Jimmy calling me a bitch, she muses determined to not let it get to her.

Instead, she smiles at herself in the mirror saying quietly, "Yes, master." She takes a deep breath sitting the comb down while mentally preparing herself for whatever Candy has in mind for her punishment. As she opens the door she is not sure if she is more excited or scared of what might happen next.

Upon entering her bedroom and seeing Jimmy bound defenselessly to the bed her heart nearly stops. She sees the sheet draped over the lower half of his body. He is obviously naked from the waist up, but from the waist down . . . she can only wonder. Could Candy have been so bold as to tie him to the bed completely naked!!

Candy is standing with a smirk on her face next to the bed. The only light in the room is coming from the dancing flames in the fireplace a short distance from the bed.

She picks up the champagne bucket full of ice and gestures for Kellia to come to her. Kellia obeys, slowly crossing the room towards Candy, who is holding a pair of shiny black fur lined hand cuffs.

"I wonder . . . who might these be for." Candy asks teasingly.

"Me, Master?" Kellia meekly replies.

"Exactly. Now turn around as I do believe your son is eager for us to start."

She uses the cuffs to secure Kellia's hands behind her back while whispering in her ear, "I want you to be extremely submissive and obedient Kellia or things could get messy for the both of you."

"But of course, Master. Anything you say."

"Just remember that." Candy hisses fiercely as she pulls away. She picks up the empty flute and dips it into the bucket scooping several ice cubes into it.

"Now since you were so cold to me earlier tonight Kellia I think a bit of payback is in order."

Kellia only response is to bat her eyes shyly at Candy remembering her strict instructions to be very submissive and obedient.

Candy carefully tucks four large ice cubes inside of Kellia's bra, before forgoing the flute, and dipping her hand back into the ice bucket for more. Jimmy watches his mother squirm, but say nothing, as she receives her punishment.

A very amused Candy works her icy punishment swiftly as she carefully stuffs ice cube after ice cube inside of Kellia's bra before leading her over to the fireplace. Once there, she proceeds to push her down unto her knees facing the blazing fire. Thankfully, for her the heat from the fire is only a few short feet away.

A horrified Jimmy watches everything from his front row seat on the bed worried about his mother as he knows how very sensitive she is to the cold. He only hopes she is close enough to the heat of fire so that it will offset the icy coldness of the cubes that bitch Candy stuffed inside her bra.

"I call this the fire and ice punishment Kellia. I think the reason for the name is fairly obvious. Scoot those cold tits as close to the fire as you want my dear as I go retrieve my precious black bag and bring it closer to the fire . . . just in case I want to find something for us to play with later."

As soon as Candy walks away Kellia scoots as close as she dares forward on her knees, before thrusting her chest out closer to the fire in an effort to offset the coldness of the ice cubes stuck inside her bra. The feeling of the cold ice and the warm fire working against each other is like being trapped between two worlds with both vying for possession of her icy cold tits that are yet being rapidly warmed most lovingly by the dancing flames of the fire.

Candy crosses the short distance to the bed and stops to address Jimmy briefly as she fills another flute up with ice. "I want you to pay strict attention to what is happening over in front of the fireplace as I play with your Mommy a bit. Don't dare let me catch you turning away. Got it?"

Candy picks up her black bag and the ice filled bucket with its bottle of champagne stuffed inside and brings them over placing them just off the rug next to Kellia.

The fire seems to be winning the battle for Kellia's tits as she leans back away from the heat. When she does she finds herself pressing back against Candy who has quietly settled down on the rug behind her.

Candy encloses Kellia in her arms drawing her even tighter against the warmth of her body. Snuggled between the hot fire and Candy's soft body, Kellia is actually almost, despite her wet bra, starting to feel warm and cozy.

Candy stealthily picks up a flute full of ice and brings it around Kellia's body to her chest. She uses the fingers on one hand to pull one of Kellia's bra cups back and away from her body before slowly tipping the flute downward.

Suddenly, Kellia's fuzzy feeling of warmth is ripped away as her bra is filled with fresh ice. The cubes wrap her tit in an icy blanket of coldness that immediately causes her to whimper slightly.

Hurriedly, Candy uses the flute once again as a scoop to pick up more ice cubes which she wastes no time in dumping inside the other cup of Kellia's bra.

Kellia shivers like mad, especially as Candy snickers and brings her hands around massaging the cubes all around her breasts.

The effect is just as Candy wished—Kellia is squirming like crazy against her as the ice cubes are being ground against her tits.

Candy quickly jumps to her feet; reaching down she rudely pulls Kellia to her feet by hooking the handcuffs with one hand and yanking upwards.

Without saying a word, she roughly pushes Kellia over towards the bed and Jimmy. Once there she finally speaks, "Sit down on the edge of the bed facing your son. I will leave you two to enjoy each other's company for a few minutes while I warm myself by the fire."

She turns to leave, but before she does she leans over and hisses softly in Kellia's ear, "Tease him . . . hard. Our secret. Do it or else I shall really make him pay!" Candy quickly inserts the key for the handcuffs she had hidden in the palm of her hand releasing the cuffs from around Kellia's wrists.

"What did she tell you, Mom?" a curious Jimmy asks.

"Oh, ahh nothing. Just something like that I am a cold bitch and I should enjoy my ice. You know just teasing me."

"She is the bitch. Crazy as hell. Are you all right? I mean what she is doing, Jesus with the ice, its torture."

Kellia takes a deep breath preparing herself to follow Candy's instructions. She was also a natural born flirt. Always had been so both teasing and flirting came easy to her- especially when it came to her young son who she had always, always, loved teasing. Throw in the fact she was drunk and extremely horny, and Candy whispered instructions for her to tease the hell out of him was pretty much a foregone conclusion.

At first she considers raising her voice just so Candy could hear her teasing him, but then thinks otherwise as she doesn't want to make it too obvious. Besides real teasing is best done discreetly in quiet hushed tones as there was something inherently sexy about a whisper . . . or so she thought.

"Oh baby, your concern for your Mommy is touching." She reaches out and runs her fingers lightly through his hair, knowing he loves when she does this. "But really it's not so bad. I mean the fire did a nice job of warming my boobies up. Why? Do they look cold to you?"

She is intentionally drawing his attention to her tits as she thrusts her chest out at him. It works as she observes his eyes fall to her chest. Jimmy stares at her in awe. He can't believe how, despite everything, she still finds a way to hit him with her most dazzling smile.

His cock twitches as his eyes settle on that exquisite ice filled bra of hers. He can see the outline of several small ice cubes stuck inside of her bra as she sits there shivering next to him on the bed. But it's the sight of those nipples, gloriously erect, pushing against the wet material of her bra that makes him sigh with longing.

He swallows hard, struggles against the ties that bind him to the bed and wishes he could leap up, grab her, and pull her under the sheets with him.

And do what? A small voice asks. He patently refuses to answer.

Kellia sees her son struggling against the sashes that hold him tight and suspects what he is thinking. She smiles to herself and takes another deep breath.

"I know what you want baby, you want to rescue me from the evil Candy and pull me into the bed with you. Snuggle with me under the covers and make me warm."

She pauses now that she has his full attention—noting how his eyes are stuck on her tits—knowing she is following her Master instructions to the tee—or maybe it was not that at all. Maybe she was teasing him extra hard because of the simple fact she was really enjoying it. The feeling of power she has over him is intoxicating and sexy.

He glances over toward the fireplace. Candy is there, sitting on her knees, her hands held out to the fire, apparently oblivious to what they are doing.

"Hon, look at me. Candy is no concern of ours right now. Tell me you want to snuggle with me, warm me under the covers, wrap those big strong arms around me and make me feel both warm and loved. Tell me."

Jimmy focuses his attention once more on his mother. "Y-yes I would like that Mom. I do love you so much. And . . ." He pauses unsure of what to say next.

"And just how would you show your love for your Mommy hon? How would you warm her up under the blankets?" Kellia prods him as she leans down even closer to him on the bed.

"I . . ." He pauses- struggling to find the right words to say. "I would just wrap you in my arms and . . ."

She sees him struggling and takes pity finishing his unclear thoughts for him. "And shower me with love and kisses baby. All over . . . warming my cold body, especially letting those loving kisses linger on my cold chest."

She inches her body forward until she is almost touching him. Jimmy stares in divine reverence. Little goose bumps have formed all over her body.

"Y-yes if that is what you want," he feebly responds.

"Yes that is what I want more than anything. To feel my son, his lips not so innocent anymore, showering Mommy's breasts with dozens of soft kisses."

She brushes her lips against his giving him a light kiss and then another before drawing back. "Oh God, your lips are warm baby. How I wish . . ." She stops knowing her son's very active imagination will fill in the rest.

Jimmy his eyes fall to her chest as she leans back. His mother's erect nipples are now the center of his universe as they look so unimaginably splendid poking out from her wet bra.

He licks his lips in anticipation at the words she just spoke to him, to feel my son, his lips not so innocent anymore showering Mommy's breasts with dozens of soft kisses. His cock jerks to complete hardness as his mother leans forward again—her lips drawing near.

Finally, Candy decides to stop ignoring her victims turning around to see just what they are up to. She turns just in time to see Kellia whisper something in his ear before pulling back slightly.

With growing amusement she watches Kellia lean in close to him; watches her use one finger to gently pull down the sheet uncovering his bare chest; watches her bring one hand up and stroke the side of his face in a most loving manner; watches her lean against him, pushing her boobs against his chest, and then give him three or four

gentle kisses- each on the lips- while all the while rubbing her tits in soft circles with maddening precision all over his bare chest.

She has seen enough. She springs and orders Kellia to join her by the fire as it's now show time for young Jimmy. Kellia once again finds her wrists securely bound behind her back with the handcuffs.

Back at the fireplace, as Kellia crosses the room, Candy goes over to the mini bar and grabs the bottle of champagne holding it up gauging how much is left. She drags the vanity bench over to the fire and orders Kellia to sit down on it while noticing Jimmy glaring at her with a foul expression.

"Jimmy your nasty glare hurts my feelings immensely you know."

Jimmy lets his emotions get the better of him as he snaps back quickly, "Yeah, well, I hope you are hurt . . . Master."

"Really," Candy replies as she begins to undo her robe. "Maybe this will change your attitude."

He tries not to look but can't help himself. He reluctantly finds himself starting as Candy's robe slips from her body and falls carelessly to the floor. She is utterly nude, save those slutty heels, under the robe, but before he can become too enthralled by the sight of her nakedness he looks away again.

"Jimmy, sweetie. Look at me." Her voice is like candied sugar begging for a response. "Please."

Kellia calls out across the room joining Candy. "Go on, Jimmy. Look at her. Please . . . for me."

When he still refuses to look, instead staring at the ceiling, Candy crosses the room and sits on the edge of the bed. She carefully strokes the side of his face delicately with one of her long, perfectly manicured fingernails.

Guided by her soft touch, his face slowly is turned upwards. Against his better judgement he allows it, but only with the promise burning in his heart that he shall still be angry as he gazes at her naked body—no matter how lovely it may be.

The angle is perfect, the vision one he shall never forget—her naked body, framed in the background by the dancing fire, seems almost to shine with unearthly beauty. The sight of her abundant tits, so close, causes the promised anger in his heart to melt away in the heat of youthful desire. He looks and is lost.

Knowing she won, she leans forward, letting her boobs brush against his chest and whispers in his ear, "I want you to pay close attention as I play with your mother over by the fire honey. Don't let me catch you looking away or it will be all the worse for her."

Candy struts over across the room back over to Kellia leaving Jimmy to shamefully stare at her perfectly tanned ass as it bounces and swishes across the room. He never knew you could hate a person so totally-while desiring them all the same.

Kellia closes her eyes as Candy tangles one hand into her hair twisting her head gently into place flush against her stomach and just below her tits.

"Now open your mouth." Candy barks as she proceeds to dump the champagne out all over her chest moving the bottle back and forth just a bit to cover the entirety of her tits.

She places a hand up her Kellia's chin as the cold champagne splashes down and over her breasts. By design a good portion of the champagne finds its way into Kellia's open mouth, before Candy pulls Kellia up to her feet.

Jimmy can barely believe what he is witnessing. Watching the chilly champagne flow over Candy's breasts and then down into his mother's eager waiting mouth is - sheer depravity at its utter best. And then things really turn decadent.

Candy tips the bottle up to her mouth and takes a large swallow, before shoving the bottle to Kellia's month. She tips it forward spilling a generous amount of champagne into Kellia's mouth.

Kellia handles as much as she can, but as Candy keeps tipping the bottle forward finally it becomes too much. The excess champagne comes spilling out of her mouth.

Candy lets the bottle slip away from Kellia's mouth as she brings her mouth forward lapping at the champagne spilling out of her mouth. The two beautiful women begin a series of almost brutal passionate kisses as they sink to their knees facing each other on the carpet. Candy whispers something to Kellia that makes her giggle before she brings the bottle to her lips tipping it back.

Jimmy is amazed watching his mother guzzle more of the wicked champagne down, before Candy pulls it away from her and takes a long swallow herself. More giggling ensues, before they mash their massive boobs together rubbing them all over each other's in a crazy circular motion as Candy brings the bottle up dumps the entirety of the remaining bottle all over both of their tits while they continue to mash them together with untamed lust.

Candy tosses the empty bottle aside, before wrapping both of her arms around Kellia's back and then lowering her mouth to her tits. Her tongue flickers out and she begins to carefully lick at the tasty champagne covering Kellia's tits.

The gently licking and kissing of Kellia's tits soon gives way to Candy spending an agonizing long time, agonizing for Jimmy that is as he helplessly watches with an erection so fierce that it borders on being painful, sucking on his mom's tits.

If Jimmy thought watching two women kiss was erotic this goes above and beyond that by a long shot. It is especially a turn on seeing how much his mother is enjoying having another woman so eagerly sucking on her boobs. Her loud moans of joyful consent to what Candy is doing to her is a dead giveaway as is the way she is so fervently jutting her tits out for Candy to devour.

It quickly regresses into nothing but a blur of sensuous erotic delight for Jimmy, especially after Candy switches places with Kellia. She aggressively pulls Kellia to her feet and then pushes her over so she is sitting up on the vanity bench on her knees.

Candy, standing directly in front of Kellia, now takes a step forward and then another. As Candy stands there in her six inch slutty spike boots, the positioning could not be any more perfect. Her tits are mere inches from Kellia's eager mouth.

Candy takes one quick look over at Jimmy to make sure he is paying attention from his position on the bed just a few feet away from the action.

"I think little Jimmy would like to see his pretty mommy suck on his new girlfriend's big, beautiful tits. I am your girlfriend right, Jimmy?"

"Y-yes, Candy." Jimmy says doubtfully as somehow, despite everything, the thought of this striking blond beauty being his girlfriend seems unreal.

Normally, Kellia would react viciously to the thought of this insane bitch being her son's girlfriend. But there is nothing normal about this night and by now she is completely blasted on the champagne to the point where her only reaction is to giggle while saying, "It's about time he got himself a girlfriend."

"I am glad you don't object to me being his girlfriend, Kellia. In fact why don't you show him just how much his mommy really likes his pretty new bleach blond big titted girlfriend?"

Making it abundantly clear just how Kellia should show Jimmy this, she wraps a hand around the back of her head, tangling her fingers deep in her long luxurious hair, and pushes her face into the golden abyss between her tits.

Kellia starts slow. Her tongue shyly darts out, lapping at the deep valley between Candy's tits. Her mouth slowly weaves it way up the prominent slope of Candy's breasts and then to the peak where Candy's nipples, soaked in the chilly champagne and totally erect with small goosebumps dotting their large areolas, await Kellia's warm mouth.

Candy lets out a soft moan as she feels one and then the other of her nipples being lathered by Kellia's tongue. There is no release for Kellia. Twice she attempts to stop, if to do nothing more than to catch her breath, but each time Candy acts aggressively twisting her hands deeper in her hair, pushing her tits more aggressively in her face

while demanding that she "keep sucking on my tits, you goddamn chink bitch."

Again, seeing his mother, always such an object of power to Jimmy, so helpless and vulnerable, being called not only a bitch, but a chink bitch, while being forced to suck on Candy's luscious tits, is an incredible turn on.

Kellia, offended at again being called names in front of her son- she thought they were past these childish insults now- literally attacks Candy's tits with a raving appetite that seems to even catch Candy off guard.

Such passion simply cannot be faked a smug Candy muses to herself as she is literally rocked back on her heels by this raw display of aggression.

Kellia's mouth darts forward, her tongue lashes out, licking at Candy's nipples with a vengeful fury.

"Oh yeah, whore suck on them. Yeah that's it. Go show that handsome son of yours what a slut you are."

The insults only seem to spur Kellia into a heightened state of erotic hunger to please her master. Her face flies back and forth between the mammoth twin peaks of Candy's boobs. The slurping sounds of

his mom's mouth so eagerly sucking on his "girlfriend's" tits is causing a continued series of small whimpers to escape from Jimmy.

He once more tests the strength of those red sashes that bind him to the bed, but its hopeless, he is stuck in his role of simply watching.

The show finally ends when Candy breaks contact with Kellia by stepping back momentarily, before coming forward and using her hands to gently guide the panting Kellia's lips to hers.

The two women engage in a series of long inmate kisses, before Candy whispers something in Kellia's ear that makes her snicker. Turning their collective backs on Jimmy without saying a word they both strut across the bedroom and disappear inside of Kellia's walk in closet leaving a helpless Jimmy all alone to ponder his fate.

They are gone inside the closet an inordinate amount of time allowing his cock to relax. Just when he thinks about breaking his silence and yelling loudly to get their attention they both finally emerge from the closet—holding hands and tittering like a couple of slutty schoolgirls

Kellia is wearing the same pretty pink teddy she wore earlier for the lap dance that Candy so rudely interrupted while Candy is wearing a sexy white satin gown that is barely long enough to cover her ass. Jimmy recognizes the pretty satin gown as his mom's.

They proceed to strut across the room to where Candy's black bag is sitting on the floor. She rummages around in it for a moment before pulling out an innocent looking feather duster which she hands to Kellia while keeping a threatening looking black riding crop for herself.

They approach the bed warily, almost like a pair of wolves that might be stalking an innocent lamb. Reaching the foot of the bed they split up. Jimmy says nothing only swallowing hard as Candy crawls up on the bed on one side of him while his mother crawls up on the other side.

Candy uses her crop to turn his face so he is looking at her, before she announces firmly, "Do not open your mouth or let that hungry tongue out of its cage. No sweet kisses, no tender nibbles. You shall do nothing but grin and bear it . . . Understand."

"Y-yes . . . Master," Jimmy replies meekly as usual. He has no fucking idea what he is expected to grin and bear, but can only assume he will be finding out soon enough.

"Relax baby we are not going to hurt you. You shall see." Candy tells him as she strokes his face gently with the crop in small circles before hooking one finger under the edge of the sheet. She smiles at Kellia before she starts to pull it down gently not stopping until his chest is fully uncovered.

When Candy lets the crop fall away from his face he turns his attention to his mother hoping maybe she will shed some light on what he is about to endure. After a nod from Candy she starts to speak. "Listen to Candy sweetheart as she is extremely serious. If you don't listen and disobey . . . well then . . ."

As quick as a whip the riding crop flashes in a downward arc slapping Jimmy square in the middle of his chest. Jimmy jumps as the sudden sting of the crop bites into his bare skin. He turns toward Candy his eyes flashing intense anger wanting to . . . he doesn't know exactly what but something, before his anger dissolves when she leans down and lightly kisses the spot on his chest where she struck him.

Her tongue lingers, circling over to his nipple, lapping at it briefly in a most delicious fashion before she raises back up smiling at him slyly.

"Sorry hon, but that was necessary for you to understand how important it is you obey our master," his mother tells him as she reaches out and runs her fingers through his hair, tugging on it slightly like he always loved.

His mother carefully positions herself so she is on her knees straddling him while Candy snuggles up behind her. "You know honey, Candy feels real bad about interrupting that private little lap dance I was giving you earlier."

Candy whispers something in her ear that Jimmy can't quite make out before she continues. "She wants to know, actually we both want to know, if you were hopeful that I was going to take off my teddy for you and let you see my tits. You have to answer the question honestly honey or . . . well you already felt the sting of her crop once and if we catch you in a lie you shall feel it twice as hard. And remember mommy always knows when her little boy is lying."

So this is their fucking game. To tease the hell out of me and make me answer embarrassing questions. He thinks of being defiant for a quick moment before he sees Candy looking at him over his mom's shoulder twitching her riding crop and thinks better of it.

He tells the truth. "Yes I was hopeful you were going to take it off."

"I know you were hon and like I said Candy feels real bad you were deprived of that so . . ."

Candy reaches both hands up to Kellia's shoulders and slowly, ever so slowly, begins to slip the thin straps across her shoulders. Jimmy stares spellbound as his mother dips her shoulders helping the straps fall away allowing her tits to come spilling out of the front of her pink teddy.

"Aren't your mommy's boobies so very nice hon? I just bet you would love to play with them huh?" Candy asks leaning over Kellia's shoulder. Kellia scoots forward a bit on the bed leaning even closer to Jimmy while thrusting her chest out.

Just as he did earlier, Jimmy stares in awe at his mom's tits, but this time instead of having to stare at them from across the bedroom there they are -up close and personal—a mere 18 inches or so from his face.

He is left utterly speechless. Instead of speaking he swallows hard and stares unable to formulate an intelligent response. Finally, he perceives with the both of them staring so intently at him that is expected to answer the question.

"Y-yes," he finally manages to stammer.

"Well, it's too bad our master won't allow me to untie you so you could play with them a bit." She moves in closer to him before reaching out and stroking his hair. "So you will just have to be content with this."

Without warning she bends forward shoving her tits right in his face. He feels the cool smooth skin of her naked tits bumping all across his face and then- most maddeningly- across his lips. His first instinct is to open his mouth and absolutely devour his mother's tits, but then he quickly remembers Candy's dire warning to him. He tries to turn away from this new exquisite torture, but it's no use. Kellia easily tracks his movements of his face with her boobs.

Jimmy now understands what this new torture is about as he feels his mother's erect nipples slipping across his lips. He wants so very

badly to open his mouth and begin suckling on his mommy's tits like a cub in heat- but to do so will surely incur the wrath of Ms. Candy.

Seeing his struggles grow more fraught with pent up excitement Candy quickly intervenes. She reaches out and gently holds his face in place slinking her fingers through his hair while whispering, "Do not turn away Jimmy. Accept your Mommy massaging that cute little face of yours with her big tits . . . then it will be my turn. In the meantime I think I will just busy myself down here a bit."

Candy slides down so she is sitting on her knees adjacent to his mid-section. "Now sweetheart, let's see what we got going down on under this sheet."

She lifts the edge of the sheet up and peers underneath. "Oh my, he is big down there Kellia. I think your big boobies being squashed in his face is quite the turn on."

Kellia momentarily pulls her tits out of his face and glances casually down. "Can . . . can I see Master?"

"I don't know let me ask him. Honey would you mind very much if your mommy takes a look at that big cock of yours?"

He looks at his mother, alarm flashing in his eyes, as she stares directly at the noticeable bulge under the sheet. The question is stupid and embarrassing—of course he minds—God knows he

doesn't want his mom to see him like this!! Why the fuck would she even ask to see his cock. Jesus Christ, what is she thinking?

Then it comes to him — she isn't thinking, but instead only most likely obeying orders from her "master".

His anger quickly switches from his mother to Candy for putting them in this situation. He glares at her now deciding he won't dignify her question with an answer even if it means she will beat him with her stupid little crop.

"He is not answering, Master." Kellia says still eyeing the bulge under the sheet which is rapidly shrinking thanks to his intense irritation at both Candy, and yes, at his mother. Really did she have to play along so eagerly with Candy's wicked games?

"Hmm, well maybe he can't find his tongue. I guess I will have to help him find it."

Candy leans down and gives Jimmy a nice warm kiss full on the lips. Jimmy, despite his intense irritation, responds to her kiss. He twists his mouth forward, his tongue darting out, as he kisses her back savagely giving free reign to his emotions. But whatever anger he was feeling is soon forgotten when he feels Candy bring her crop under the sheet and start to stroke his cock.

The cool flat leather of the crop feels exquisite as she expertly finds the sweet spot just under the head of his cock. His penis jerks to new heights of hardness as Candy whispers to him, "Let's make you big and hard again so mommy will be proud OK, hon."

Meanwhile, his mother watches everything with a look of bemusement on her pretty face with only makes Jimmy all the more determined to kiss Candy with such fierce passion that maybe she will become jealous.

Candy finally breaks off their kiss and pulls the crop out from under the sheet replacing it with her hand. She uses her fingertips to stroke his penis up and down making it twitch as she speaks softly to Kellia, "Are you ready to be a proud mommy?"

Candy's eyes dart from Kellia to Jimmy as she uses one hand to slowly pull down the thin protective covering of the sheet from his body.

Jimmy turns his head away, willing his cock to shrink, but with Candy's warm hand still stroking it lightly there is no chance of that happening.

"Look at your mother, Jimmy." Candy barks at him.

Jimmy turns his head and finds his mother's eyes glued on the sheet now as it slips down past his navel. The moment seems almost frozen

in time while Candy, ever the master of suspense and seduction, pauses, letting the tension build.

Finally, the moment of truth is upon them. The top edge of the sheet is barely covering Jimmy's fully erect cock. Candy has stopped stroking it, and instead, is gently cupping his balls, jiggling them lightly in her hand.

Hooking one long fingernail under the edge of the sheet, Candy resumes tugging the sheet down ever so slowly. Inch by inch Jimmy's fully erect 8 inch cock is revealed to his mother's wide staring eyes.

Jimmy sees she is making no attempt to look away. Inside the deathly stillness of the bedroom he thinks he hears his mother let out a small exclamation. Something like, "Oh my God," maybe.

"I told you it was big . . . back at the club, remember?"

"Yes, Master, I remember," she responds her voice barely rising above a whisper as her eyes are still glued on Jimmy's massive twitching cock.

"Here I have an idea," Candy pulls Kellia close and whispers something in her ear. Kellia lets out a small gasp, but otherwise says nothing.

She reaches over and picks up the feather duster and after smiling at Jimmy she whispers, "Now honey it's time for Candy to rub her tits in your face while your mommy busies herself with a bit of ahh . . . dusting down below."

The tickling dancing feathers of the duster all over his hard shaft soon have him whimpering with delight. Whimpers that are abruptly cut off when Candy, giggling, undoes her robe and buries his face in her tits.

He could be in heaven having this beautiful big titted blond babe rubbing her tits in his face while his mother plays with his cock, but somehow he thinks heaven would allow him to have a "payoff" at the end. He senses he will only be teased- without be pleased- which is not heaven at all, but instead some kind of pleasure filled hell.

Candy breaks off her face massage just as soon as she senses Jimmy is starting to enjoy it a bit too much. She uses one hand to swat the feather duster away from his cock leaving a disappointed Kellia to glare at her. She had been really almost looking forward to watching his cock explode in a geyser of cum.

Candy sits there saying nothing, doing nothing, giving him a chance to relax and retreat from the edge, before finally she gives Kellia a nod to which she responds with a laugh saying, "Again."

"Yes, again as he enjoyed it so much the first time, but . . ." She pauses and turns her attention to Jimmy staring at him gravely before she

begins to speak. "Don't you dare cum little boy or I will be angry, but I won't take it out on you, but instead on your mommy."

It's now Kellia's turn to torture him as she raises up and mashes her tits in his face. Gently, carefully she rubs her tits all along his face using the lightest of touches. Meanwhile, Candy is far from being idle as she strokes and plays with his hair with one hand, while using her toy in the other hand to stroke his cock.

As his mother begins to polish his face with her tits in a much more-insistent manner—he is drawing dangerously close to exploding. The cool leather of the crop moving up and down his cock, before slipping down and slapping at his balls gently is quite exquisite.

He bites his lip—hard- willing himself not to cum, before finally the attack ends. His relief is short lived though as they switch places.

Candy leans back staring at him with a delighted grin on her face. "You are doing so good hon. Just one more test to pass. Are you ready Kellia?"

"Yes Master," Kellia responds sadly knowing this final test is one that she highly suspects he simply will not be able to endure without spurting loads of cum.

The final test is pure absolute torture of the best kind. They start by positioning themselves on either side of him while slinking one hand around the back of his head tangling their fingers deep in his hair.

They use steady pressure to push his face forward where their twin sets of tits await. His face is literally buried in an avalanche of glorious tit flesh as they both thrust their chests out while jiggling their tits all over his face in an exaggerated manner.

Then if that is not bad enough, they both pick up their toys simultaneously and attack his cock with joyful delight. He feels the feather duster tickling the underside of his cock, while the riding crop slips down and ever so tenderly strokes his balls. Up and down their wicked toys travel leaving no part of his hard throbbing cock or balls untouched.

Finally, and this maybe somehow is the worst of it all, they are both giggling and whispering to each other how much he must be "enjoying" his little titty face massage.

Jimmy is not sure if he wants this whole thing to continue or to stop, but regardless it is out of his hands. His cock is just beginning to jerk as a prelude to the coming explosion when all of a sudden, they stop. Candy's timing is impeccable in knowing how to bring him to the very edge, and then just . . . stop. His pleasant and painful ordeal is finally over.

After Candy hops off the bed with a satisfied grin on her face, Kellia hopes she will go home now.

But Kellia finds this is a forlorn hope as instead of leaving Candy frees Jimmy, and then decides to make herself at home curling up in the bed getting snug under the blankets. She invites both of them to join her under the covers where she suggests they will cuddle and get some much needed rest.

Kellia is too tired to argue and simply surrenders to the idea of Candy spending the night in her bed- along with Jimmy apparently- as when she returns from the bathroom he is already cuddled next to their guest asleep. Kellia crawls into the bed and is soon asleep herself after fervently praying the night and its sexual escapades are finally over.

Sometime later, maybe an hour, maybe two, she awakens to the sound of Candy giggling quietly followed by a hushed whispers. Her hopes of the night being over come to an abrupt end.

"You like that huh, Jimmy. Hmm, feels good, right?"

Kellia, coming fully awake, listens for a minute. She cannot see anything as the fire has died and the bedroom is pitch black, but she can hear plenty. She can hear Jimmy moaning softly as she blinks her eyes in the darkness.

She can just make out their dark shapes. Jimmy is on his back as the silhouette of Candy's hand moving up and down while Jimmy's sighs softly is apparent to Kellia. Her reaction is immediate.

"Jesus, Candy, haven't you had enough already?" she spits out.

There is a brief pause before Candy replies. "Jimmy be a sweetheart and turn on the lamp would you."

Kellia sits up ready to argue it's time for Candy to go home when the light comes on. The two women stare at each other briefly before Candy, a smirk spreading across her face, begins to speak.

"Obviously I have not had enough Kellia as well you heard. And neither," she turns and pulls the sheet back revealing Jimmy's hard cock, "has he. So now that you are awake . . ."

Candy climbs out of the bed and extends her hand to Kellia. She gives in and allows herself be led into the closet as Candy says sweetly to Jimmy, "Me and your mother have business to discuss in private."

"Sure," he mumbles crawling out of the bed and heading to the bathroom. After the premature ending to Candy's hand job, he is extremely horny and needs to take a piss and splash some cold water on his face.

After finishing up with his business he starts to re-enter the bedroom and stops frozen. His mother is being led over to the bed and he is suddenly afraid for her.

His mother is wearing a sweet looking pink bra and matching panties, but it is Candy's outfit that really scares him. He sees instantly Candy wasn't lying when she said the party was not over.

Candy has donned a rather sinful and slutty outfit doubtlessly procured from that black bag of hers that seems to be packed with nothing but an endless series of depraved goodies. Her leather corset is both dark and wicked and makes her already sizable boobs look all the much bigger. To complement her corset she has on a pair of lace stockings, along with a pair of knee high boots with what must be at least seven inch heels. Her whole ensemble is not surprisingly — black.

Finally, to top things off Candy is holding a fiendish looking black paddle. The paddle looks to be about a foot and half long and maybe 3 inches wide, and has three red hearts adorned along both sides of its business end.

He fully expects to see his mother being placed in the submissive role while Master Candy prepares to give her a hard spanking. Shamefully, he is almost looking forward to it, but instead, much to his shock, he sees Candy hand the paddle over to his mother and then it is Candy who is thrust into the role of the submissive little lamb.

He watches, spellbound as his mother roughly positions Candy. When she is done with her, Candy is standing at the foot of the bed in the middle: her arms are spread wide over her head bound by a pair of dark sashes to the black metal scrolled top that runs over the bed.

His mother is standing next to her at the foot of the bed holding the black paddle while slowly tapping it in her palm. The look on her face is one of pure delicious evil. And when she speaks to him he begins to understand something must have happened in that little meeting in her closet to cause this sudden turn of events.

He has precious little time to consider what though. Just as soon as his mother spots him staring at them she snaps, "Get your goddamn ass over her son and stand next to your fucking girlfriend." Her voice drips with venom; her smile sinister.

Jimmy hesitates when Candy glances over her shoulder and looks at him. He stares back maybe wanting confirmation that it is OK for his mother to boss him around. Candy does not meet his gaze, instead she drops her eyes, and turns her head back facing the bed in an act of submissiveness.

He is also thrown off balance, first by seeing Candy shackled to the bed, and then even more so, by hearing his mother cuss. He has never heard her cuss before- not even once, not even in a joking manner.

She made it a point to tell him over and over again- ladies do not use the foul and filthy language that man toss around so casually. And as he got older she hammered home the fact he better never come home with a girlfriend that degraded herself by cussing like a man. So now to hear her cuss leaves him feeling quite discombobulated to say the least.

His hesitation is met by an open act of aggression from his mother. She storms over to him as he moves slowly toward them, grabs him by the ear and gives it a hard twist. "When I say move son, you move."

"Jesus Mo-" He doesn't get a chance to finish his complaint as his words are cut off when Kellia brings the paddle down in a swift smooth arc whopping him on the ass quite hard. "I said fucking move."

The blow causes him to jump a bit— not so much from the pain, but from the sheer surprise of it.

Good God, first Candy is his Master and now his mother is acting like queen bitch supreme- this is like going from the frying pan to the fire, he thinks as he stands next to Candy.

"I have decided to give you the honor of being the one to give this arrogant blond bitch a well-deserved spanking. You shall do this and whatever else your mother tells you, without question and without hesitation. Understood?"

He nods his head in agreement as Kellia turns to Candy and wraps a black silk blindfold she just retrieved from the black bag of toys around her eyes tying it tightly in the back.

"Now assume your position you spoiled little American princess." Kellia snaps at Candy as she positions herself on the edge of the bed facing her. She peers around her body to Jimmy and says, "Are you ready to start."

Jimmy is more than ready to start as he is starting to relish the fact he is in a position to give Ms. Candy a bit of payback. "Yes, but how hard should I spank her?"

Kellia has not forgotten Candy's earlier racial slur against her, nor any of her insults, and this will be the perfect time to have her revenge

"Start out soft with the first few whacks and maybe we will gradually get harder as we warm her bottom up a bit." She brings the riding crop up and softly strokes the side of Candy's face. "And you bitch . . . you count to twenty slowly out loud. I want to let the tension build."

Candy nods her head in agreement suppressing a grimace as she is beginning to suspect maybe this was not such a good idea as Kellia seems to be taking her role of being in control a bit too seriously.

Kellia turns back to Jimmy, "When she reaches twenty honey you can begin the spanking."

Jimmy nods his head in agreement watching his mom using the riding crop to lightly smack Candy's thighs as she tells her to "spread your legs . . . you evil cunt."

He is electrified by the events- and by his mother so casually called Candy a "cunt"- and by the way Candy stands before him so trapped and helpless, with that pretty petite ass jutting out just waiting to be smacked. He stares at it; those black slutty thong panties she is wearing leaves both of her gorgeous tanned ass cheeks totally bare and devoid of any sort of protection whatsoever.

Candy starts counting and when she reaches two Jimmy notices his mother pulling a jar of strawberry flavored body lotion out of Candy's black bag. Jimmy looks at his mother; she is mouthing something to him which he can't quite make out. She takes a quick step around Candy and pulls him close as she begins to whisper in his ear.

A smile spreads slowly over his face as he pulls the paddle back with fevered anticipation. His mother resumes her place sitting before Candy on the bed just as she says eleven. He can't help but to notice the deeper in the count Candy goes the shakier her voice gets.

Jimmy smiles, letting the power he is feeling wash over him. His pulse is pounding as he brings the paddle back into position. Candy counts off 12 and then 13 as his mother nods her head at him.

Unlucky thirteen it shall be. Jimmy says to himself as he brings the paddle down in a swift smooth arc. THWACK!! And then a second smack equally hard. Each smack brings a short cry of surprise and pain from Candy as she squirms against the ties that bind her to the bed railings above while moving her legs closer together which draws an immediate response from Kellia.

Kellia brings the riding crop up and in between her legs smacking her thighs apart as she snaps harshly at Candy, "Keep those legs spread bitch or I will use this crop on you to the point where Jimmy's paddling will feel like a walk in the fucking park."

Kellia nods her head at Jimmy holding three fingers up. He had been just standing there; mouth agape; paddle poised; admiring the show. Once again he sees his mother as he always remembered her- in complete and utter control. The sudden role reversal has his cock straining with hardness.

He especially liked the way Candy's big tits bounced inside her tight corset as he smacked her those two times. He brings the paddle down three times in quick succession- swift and hard each time; anxious to get those big boobs bouncing again. WHACK. WHACK. WHACK!! The paddle smacking her bare cheeks is the only noise in the otherwise silent bedroom which only adds to the overall wicked atmosphere.

As Jimmy was administrating his hard whacks on Candy's ass, Kellia has brought the riding crop up and is using it to softly stroke Candy's pussy through her thin black panties causing Candy's cries of pain to be intermingled with moans of pleasure.

"Enough son!!" Kellia snaps at Jimmy just as he was preparing to smack her again.

"Jesus, Kellia, I thought you told him not to start spanking me until I reached twenty. Jesus, I was not ready for that . . . and why so hard."

"Oh, Candy, I am so sorry, but I do think that was the whole point." Kellia coos with exaggerated kindness, "but he is young and eager to play with you is all Candy. I mean you can't blame him can you. Considering how utterly beautiful you are. You heard me . . . I told him to spank you softly and wait until the count reached 20."

Kellia is placing the blame squarely on him while giving him a look over Candy's shoulder that warns him not to contradict her.

"Yes, you did. I guess he didn't understand the message."

"Or worse yet, simply decided to ignore it. Maybe you will get a chance to pay him back later . . . that is when you are in control again."

"Oh, I do hope so. As they say paybacks are a bitch."

"Yes they certainly are. Now Jimmy come closer and give Candy a kiss or two and apologize right now."

"Sorry, Candy. I got carried away," he tells her quietly before leaning in and giving her a light kiss on the cheek before he begins to draw away. His mother quickly pushes him back tapping him lightly with her riding crop.

"Don't you think she deserves more than one kiss baby for the way you smacked her so hard on that pretty little ass of hers. I think so . . . keep kissing her until I say otherwise . . . and on the lips this time."

He leans in once more and this time brings his lips to Candy's. He gives her one tender kiss and then another, followed by yet another wondering how long his mother is going to allow this to go on.

By the third kiss he feels Candy's tongue slip into his mouth and he responds likewise. Their tender kisses soon turn fierce and passionate. Kellia, as they kiss, quickly dips her fingers into the jar pulling out a generous amount of the lotion. She spreads it all around on Candy's ass cheeks as Jimmy and Candy continue their series of avid kisses.

Candy is in heaven now- being kissed by this handsome young man while his gorgeous mother lovingly rubs lotion all over her sore ass. True enough she had to take a short trip through hell to reach heaven, but in the end, just as she knew it would, the earlier pain has only increased the pleasure she is now experiencing to be so much more powerful. Pain and pleasure - the two worlds were inexorably linked in her mind.

Kellia, finished with her job of rubbing the strawberry body lotion all over Candy's ass, brings her new favorite friend up in a swift motion smacking her son in the side of the face. She is abundantly warming to her new role as a stern taskmaster.

"Enough!! You never kiss your mother with such passion son. I think I may be jealous." She accents her sharp rebuke with an equally sharp smack of the riding crop on his bare tummy that makes him jump.

She settles herself back down on the bed before she nods at Jimmy saying, "Jimmy you can proceed now, but this time, be gentler with our little Candy girl huh. I will show mercy even though I don't much care for the way this wanton whore was shoving her tongue in your mouth just a minute ago."

"Master I . . . I did no such thing."

"Really, is that true? If you are lying to me . . . woe be you."

"I . . . OK, maybe I did it. A little, but he did it first."

"That is a lie. She stuck her tongue in my mouth first."

"No I-" Kellia brings the crop up again smacking Candy lips this time softly. "Silence . . . both of you. I know my son. He is shy and inexperienced with the ladies. He would never initiate such a kiss Candy. You are lying bitch and for this I mean to make you pay. Honey make those first blows seem like a picnic. Smack the bitch hard and fast."

"How many times?"

"Until I say stop, of course. Now proceed please, and you best show no mercy son on this little bitch or I shall have none on you with my crop on that cute little ass of yours."

Jimmy uses that same swift smooth arc as he did for those earlier initial blows, but this time he holds nothing back as he is fearful of incurring his mother's wrath. TWACK!! Once and then twice more. Each blow elicits a jagged cry of pain from Candy.

After a quick break, where he watches his mother use the crop to toy with Candy's pussy even more, he administrators three more sharp blows. The blows aren't as hard as the first three maybe, but still hard enough to make her yelp, and even better, to make those tits jiggle and jump.

"Enough son." Kellia interjects just as Jimmy was about to bring the paddle down for a seventh time.

Kellia leans around Candy's body. "Oh my, look at how red that poor little ass of hers is son. I think I need to apply a very generous amount of this delicious strawberry lotion once more to it."

Kellia picks up the jar and dips her fingers into it just as before. "As I busy myself attending to nursing Ms. Candy's ass back to health son I want you to do something for me. Both of you that is. Are you both listening?"

They both nod their head in agreement. "Good. So we don't have to go through that last little drama that caused Candy here to receive such a harsh spanking I hereby grant you both permission to fully explore your obvious need for one another by kissing so very passionately. I want to both hear it and see it as I rub this lotion on her ass. You understand!! And Jimmy show us you are a man by taking charge as you kiss her. Don't be passive with your lust for the blond bitch." She waves the crop in his direction adding, "Or this shall await that delicate ass of yours son."

He eyes the riding crop warily while preparing to do exactly as his mother wants. He reaches out, snakes a hand through Candy's long blond hair and yanks her head around. He kisses her forcefully punching his tongue in her mouth, and then circling it all around.

Kellia admires her son's assertive kiss for a moment before turning her attention to Candy's ass. She reaches around smoothing a generous portion of the lotion all over her butt as she hears the loud smacking sound of Candy and her son kissing.

She kneads both of Candy's ass cheeks before inserting her index finger inside her mouth wetting it nicely. She carefully pushes it up and inside of Candy making her yelp with surprise while at the same time she starts lapping at the strawberry lotion spread all over her ass with her tongue.

Kellia sees sucking on her finger was wholly unnecessary as little Ms. Candy is as wet as wet can be in between her legs. But despite being so wet, Kellia's index finger doesn't slide so easily up inside of her as her cunt is surprisingly tight.

Candy breaks off her kiss with Jimmy momentarily as she hisses sharply when she feels Kellia's finger go up and inside of her a second time. This time even deeper.

Jimmy looks down, wondering what caused such an illicit hiss out of Candy and sees his mother lapping at her delightful little ass with such intense concentration; but even hotter is when she removes her finger from deep inside Candy's pussy and then carefully licks it. His cock jerks again with hardness knowing that his mother shoving her finger up Ms. Candy's pussy must have been the cause of the sharp hiss.

A deep dark need floods his heart as he slams his lips against Candy's kissing her more wildly than ever just as Kellia begins to work her finger in and out of Candy's tight little pussy.

The absolute tightness of Candy's cunt gives Kellia pause. She really expected, considering her reputation as a whore, her cunt to be loose, but instead, Jesus she feels as tight as an 18 year old virgin.

Yeah right Kellia, like you know what an 18 old virgin pussy feels like. She ponders to herself as she now is working her finger around in small circles inside her tight little box.

Well let's loosen the bitch up a bit. Kellia gleefully thinks pushing her finger in faster and faster causing Candy to buck against the curved foot board. Wondering how she will respond Kellia adds a second finger to the mix while pumping even more furiously up and into her wet hole.

Candy breaks off her kiss with Jimmy as she pulls back from him slightly. "Please . . . please Jimmy," she whispers, "tell your mommy to be gentle. Please . . . I am still a virgin."

Jimmy is shocked. Candy must be at least thirty years old and is fucking awesome looking so how the hell is she still a virgin? He finds it highly unlikely, before concluding she is, of course, fucking with him.

Stupid for him to even fall for it for a second. Without thinking any further he responds. "Bullshit."

"No . . . please it's true." Candy gasps as Kellia continues to finger fuck her furiously.

Kellia stops, yanking her fingers out of Candy's pussy. She heard Jimmy say what sounded like "Bullshit" to Candy and now hears Candy whispering back.

"What the hell are you two whispering about? Tell me now Jimmy."

"She told me to tell you to be gentle because she is a virgin."

"Bullshit." Kellia sneers.

"That is what I said too."

"How the hell, with your reputation at the club Candy can you . . . of all people be a virgin. You are a fucking liar."

"Please, Master please . . . give me a chance to explain. I am not lying. Please."

"Fine explain bitch, but know if I don't believe you both me and the boy will whip you senseless for wanting us to believe such an outrageous lie. And keep it short and simple. I don't need your fucking life history here."

"OK, but can you remove the blindfold so you can look into my eyes and see the truth."

"Fine." Kellia reaches up and unknots the scarf around her eyes. She twirls it around in her hand waiting to hear her explanation.

Candy blinks her eyes several times before starting to speak. Yes . . . of course. Short and simple. I am a lesbian, first and foremost I guess. Always have been, but I . . . well I am also sorta of bi I guess as I like men too. Well, young men. Inexperienced, shy . . . naive. The kind that won't push me to go all the way."

"Like my son here."

"Yes," she responds giving him a warm smile that makes him tingle. "As for women I . . . well let's just say I like to be in control. I am the one always in charge. I like to . . . ahh use my toys a lot."

"Toys?"

"I am sure you seen what is in my bag, Master. From that you can see I like to use more than just my fingers to penetrate a woman."

"Indeed you do." Kellia responds thinking of the large strap on dildo she found in her bag as she was getting the lotion out.

"So honestly, you have to believe me. I have done a little bit with men. But never all the way . . . and the same with women. I like doing the pleasing."

"So what you never get off . . . how noble of you to only please while never being pleased." Kellia raises her eyebrows in mock surprise.

"I get pleased, but just not be having anything put inside me. Well until now that is with your fingers. The truth is I like to be licked until I cum, but only by women and only if they are helpless."

"What do you think, Jimmy?"

"I believe her I think."

"Really, well I almost believe her if she can answer a couple questions to my satisfaction."

"Go ahead and ask anything, Kellia. I will tell the truth."

"You had better." Kellia rubs her riding crop menacingly across Candy's face before smacking it lightly. "I am good at recognizing lies."

"Believe her Candy. She is at that," Jimmy adds.

"So you said you like men, young men. That is your reputation around the club by the way if you did not know."

"Yes I know," Candy says in a shaky voice.

"How exactly did you get such a nasty reputation if you don't let them go all the way? I mean you have a near legendary rep for fucking and sucking."

"I encourage them to say that. To tell their friends, and the other dancers at the club that they fucked me. That I sucked them off, but the truth is that I have done neither."

"And they lie for you why?"

"I guess because they like me and maybe they figure to be the first to get in my pants later if they do what I want."

"And there is no later. You just leave them . . . a wake of young broken hearts."

"It's not all bad, Kellia. I mean I give really good hand jobs and I am careful about only picking guys I am sure I can trust to keep my secret and do what I ask them to do for me."

"Yeah well I think my son can attest to that huh. About the hand jobs. Right Jimmy?"

"Yes, it was good, but you helped remember?"

"Of course baby. A mother does not easily forget a thing like that." Kellia is pacing the room now seemingly lost in thought before she quickly turns and strides over to Candy. "I think I believe you. Jimmy?"

"Yes me too."

"One final question. May I ask why you are so . . . what prudish and whorish all at once. There must be a root cause."

"Yes I . . . well I have never told this to anyone, but my mother was a bit of a whore. Well more than a bit I guess she was a whore. A cheap one at that. I did not have a normal childhood let's say and leave it at that."

"Well then I guess the only question left is . . . if you are so intent on maintaining your virginity why have you allowed yourself to be put in such a vulnerable position as you now find yourself. I mean think about it. I could order Jimmy here to pull out that big cock of his that you were so bragging about to me earlier and have him . . . fuck the living shit out of you Candy and there would be precious little you could do about it."

"Yes I know," Candy answers in a voice that sounds both small and scared. Meanwhile Jimmy is squirming something awful after hearing his mother announce so casually what she could order him to do.

"Well then, why is that?"

"Because honestly Kellia I have been curious, really curious for some time what it would be like to be with a man . . . especially one as irresistibly cute and innocent as your son. Also, what it would be like for me to be . . . dominated by a beautiful sexy woman . . . such as yourself. And my deepest fantasy is . . . ahh was . . . well whatever to have a threesome with an older woman and a younger man."

"And tonight with your little blackmail scheme you thought you might fulfill your little fantasy?"

"Yes, maybe if I was lucky."

"Well let's see how lucky you feel in about ten seconds there honey. Jimmy, if you don't mind I think her little confession deserves some proper attention from your paddle."

"How hard?" He asks watching her secure the blindfold once more over her eyes.

"The hardest yet I would think. After all she just admitted how she planned on teasing you. The little blond virgin whore deserves a nice spanking I do believe."

"OK," Jimmy says drawing the paddle back.

Jimmy brings the paddle down in effortless efficiency upon Candy's ass three quick times making her jump with each blow. Kellia has picked up the champagne flute and filled it with three quarters full of champagne before dipping into the bucket and adding a generous portion of small ice cubes.

"Now you shall suffer our wrath Ms. Candy for forcing us to try and fulfill your wicked fantasies. For using us like a pair of god damn sex toys."

Kellia, after the sound of the third hard smack on Candy's ass dies away inside the quiet bedroom, pulls back on the front of her corset

and proceeds, without warning, to dump the entire contents of the flute down the front of it.

Candy lets out a screech. She knew Kellia was up to something just by the way she told her it was time to suffer their wrath but she had not expected this. The coldness of the champagne and ice cubes are terribly acute all over her poor chest.

Just as she is jiggling against the silk sashes that bind her to the bed, regretting more and more her wicked plan to allow Kellia to be in charge, the spanking begins again. WHACK!!

"I think Jimmy wants me to free those big beautiful tits of yours you had planned on teasing him with Ms. Candy. You don't mind do you? Here baby come up really close behind her and . . ." Kellia takes her son's hands and pushes them against Candy's sides. "Yeah hold her tight sweetie as we are going to make this little blond bitch beg and plead for mercy just as I am sure she has done to plenty of young women in her time."

Jimmy eagerly drops the paddle on the bed and does his mother's bidding, holding her tight with a pair of firm hands on either side of her waist. Jimmy takes a deep breath wondering if this is all some sort of wicked dream he finds himself involved in as he peers over her shoulder watching his mother begin to slowly, ever so slowly as their eyes, meet tug down the zipper that runs up the middle of her black corset.

He watches with rapt attention the zipper go slowly down finally allowing Candy's big 32 E tits to come spilling out in all their perfectly tanned glory. Her tits glisten and seem to shine in the soft firelight from the champagne bath they just received, while her fully erect nipples are standing straight out just begging for attention.

Attention his mother is about to give them he sees his pulse rising. She has fished out a pair of good sized ice cubes from the bucket and is now rubbing them all over her nipples.

"These ice cubes are as cold as your very own teasing heart huh, Ms. Candy?"

When she doesn't answer her, instead only letting out a small moan, Kellia brings her riding crop around and flogs each of her tits three times after tossing the ice cubes aside. The blows make Candy rock back against Jimmy as she lets out another long whimper.

"Give me an answer bitch." Kellia demands.

"No Master, I . . . my heart is warm and loving. Yes I am a tease, but a loving tease. You must believe me."

"Well if you have such a warm heart then let's try it again. Let us see if the warmth from your heart can radiate outward and melt a pair of ice cubes as I rub them all over your chest."

Kellia reaches in and pulls out a pair of medium sized ice cubes and begins to rub them all over Candy's tits in soft circles.

Jimmy watches the show memorized while holding Candy tight as she tries to squirm away from the coldness. Finally, Kellia brings both cubes over to Candy's erect nipples and flicks them over and over again and again across them in a most tantalizing fashion.

Jimmy is so hard now, staring at Candy's erect nipples without even realizing it he is humping his crotch up against Candy's butt- a fact that does not go unnoticed by his mother.

"Jesus, Candy . . ." She barks at her flinging the now appreciably smaller ice cubes in the general direction of the ice bucket. "Look at my boy. Humping you like some wild dog. And you stand there letting him."

She picks up her riding crop and swats Jimmy back away from Candy. As he takes a step back she can't help but to notice the considerable tent pole sticking out of his boxers.

Pushing the thought of her son's large cock out of her mind, she concentrates on the task at hand. "Pick up your paddle and let's give this wayward bitch her final spanking Jimmy. And keep slapping that ass harder and harder until I tell you to stop. Understand!!!"

Jimmy starts to whack Candy's ass slow and methodical. He likes the way how, now that they are free from the tight constraints of her corset, her tits bounce up and down as the paddle slams into her ass making her jump. He likes it even more as after the second whack his mother joins in on the fun and begins playfully, at first anyways, using her riding crop to slap at Candy's bare tits.

After the fourth hard whack, Kellia's playfully slapping of Candy's tits turns serious. She brings the crop up level and moving it back and forth on a horizontal plane starts to cuff her nipples with an increasingly harder series of firm blows.

Candy lets out a quiet moan as the joint attack of the paddle upon her ass and the crop upon her nipples reaches a crescendo of barely tolerable pain. Jimmy pauses letting Candy recover just a bit before taking a deep breath and then administering more of this delicious punishment.

The hardest spanking yet of the night finds Candy struggling mightily against the ties that bind her overhead to the upper railing while Kellia brings her riding crop up and uses it to stroke Candy's pussy just like, but this time she slips it inside her captive's panties.

The next few whacks of the paddle on her ass are the hardest yet of the night. They bring a whimper of painful delight from Candy. Jimmy wants to whimper himself as his eyes are helpless stuck on Candy's tits as they jiggle up and down from his hard spanks.

He is lost in a world of fantasy watching them tits and forgets for a moment of the spanking. He wants to fall upon her tits and suck on them, but instead settles for bringing the paddle down again and again trying to whack her ass a bit harder each time. Her tits deliciously bounce with every hard whack, but his attention is soon split between watching Candy's tits rock and roll from the spanking and watching his mother.

She has tossed the crop to the side, and now as he pauses ever so briefly to peer around Candy's body, he observes his mother's hand disappear inside Candy's black panties.

The paddle smacks Candy hard on the ass just as Kellia's circling finger pushes up inside of her making her moan louder than ever. Kellia begins to expertly time the smacking of the paddle on Candy's ass with her rotating finger dipping into her tight wet virgin cunt.

Candy's wails of equal part pleasure, equal part pain, is driving Jimmy past the threshold of common decency. He no longer cares if he is hurting her, instead his sole goal is to make this blond goddess whimper even more - and maybe more to the point make those awesome tits jump and jiggle to his endless delight.

Jimmy brings the paddle down in an ever increasingly series of harder and swifter arcs upon her ass. In the meanwhile, the fever that has swept over Jimmy has reached Kellia.

She is shoving her index finger in faster and harder still timing it with each blow. She loves the way it makes Candy whimper and whine, loves the way her long blond hair is flying about as she thrashes around against the silk ties.

Just as Jimmy's paddling is reaching a fever pitch, smacking her ass harder and faster each time, Kellia reaches up with her thumb and begins to rotate it against Candy's clit at the exact same time she clinches both her index and middle fingers together and rams them deep inside her pussy.

Candy's breath is coming in short pants now, her moans of pleasure/pain become louder than ever. Her body begins to shake and quiver as Kellia finger fucks her furiously as the paddle slams against her ass over and over again.

Finally, Candy throws her head back and lets out a loud whimper as her body is literally quacking all over with the orgasm that is washing over her body. Kellia instantly jumps up, wrapping her arms around Candy to support her as her knees buckle.

"Quickly hon, untie her."

Jimmy fumbles with the silk ties as Kellia cradles the still shaking and sobbing Candy in her arms. He finally manages to wrench one tie loose, and then the other, allowing his mother and Candy to collapse onto the bed.

They rest there for a brief minute, before leading her over to the rug in front of the dying fire. Jimmy adds a few logs to the fire and some kindling bringing it back to life while Kellia helps Candy down to the rug.

Now maybe since she just gave Candy an earth shattering orgasm she will finally leave and be done with her little black mail fun and games. But as Kellia continues to cuddle the quivering Candy she is not so sure if that is what she really wants.